[redacted]

For insertion in programme. of "Return of the Native" play by T. H. Tiller.

"The five-handed Reel ~~and the College Hornpipe,~~ (called "The Devil's Dream",) in the Christmas-party scene, will be danced according to the original figures, as danced ~~given by T. Wilson, Teacher of dancing, King's Theatre, 1820. danced~~ at "Bath, Almack's & the Nobility's Balls" – 1790 & 1820; and the College Hornpipe as taught by T. Wilson, professor of Dancing, King's Theatre, London, 1820.

takes the place of
– Sets to Partners ∴ 2d. time 2d. str.

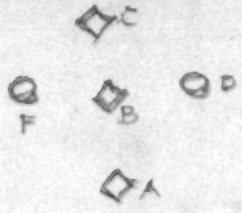
the Novel.

* To Hey – to dance in the figure of 8 –

The Devils Dream.

Five-handed Reel (to the above)
[as in the Return of the Native]
As danced at Bath, Almacks + the nobelity's Balls [1790 to 1810]

3 ladies + 2 gent^n or
3 gent^n + 2 ladies



Lady in middle hays* with A + C ∴ (1st strain)
∴ sets to them ∴ (ditto rep^t
∴ hays with F & D + takes the place of F } ∴ (1st strain of 2^d. part
∴ sets to them ∴ 2^d. time 2^d. str.

* To Hey = to dance in the figure of 8 —

ATIVE".

he Novel.

Here come I old Father Christmas

Welcome or welcome not

I hope old Father Christmas
Will never be forgot

Although it's Father Christmas I've a short time to stay,

But I've come to show you pleasure before I pass away.

Make room, make room, my gallants, room

And give us space to rhyme;

We've come to show Saint George's play

Upon this Christmas time.

And if you don't believe my words, O ladies and gentlemen,

Walk in a Valiant Soldier, and boldly now begin.

"THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE".

A TRAGEDY

in

FOUR ACTS

An Adaptation by T.H.Tilley of the Novel.

with

THE MASQUE OF SAINT GEORGE

As Interlude.

"THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE".

A TRAGEDY

in

FOUR ACTS

An Adaptation by T.H.Tilley of the Novel.

---

with

THE MASQUE OF SAINT GEORGE

As Interlude.

CHARACTERS.

(about 1850)

Clym Yeobright, "The Native". (Dr Smerdon)

Mr Wildeve, Landlord of the "Quiet Woman Inn" (Mr. Stevens)

Diggory Venn, the Reddleman. (Mr. Martin)

Timothy Fairway. (Mr. Bawler)

Humphrey.

Sam

Grandfer Cantle. (Mr J Pouncy)

Christian Cantle. (Mr J. H. Tilley)

Charley. (young Keniston)

Johnny Nonsuch. (Mrs Major's little girl)

Eustacia Vye. (Miss Bugler)

Mrs Yeobright. (Mrs Major)

Susan. (Miss Dawes)

Olly. (Miss E. Bugler)

Father Christmas.
St.George.
Turkish Knight.
Valiant Soldier
Saracen
Doctor.

} Mummers. (anonymous - their faces being hidden by visors)

Heath people, Guests at Party etc., etc.,

CHARACTERS.

Clym Yeobright, "The Native".

Mr Wildeve, Landlord of the "Quiet Woman Inn"

Diggory Venn, the Reddleman.

Timothy Fairway.

Humphrey.

Sam

Grandfer Cantle.

Christian Cantle.

Charley.

Johnny Nonsuch.

Eustacia Vye.

Mrs Yeobright.

Susan.

Olly.

Father Christmas.
St.George.
Turkish Knight.
Valiant Soldier
Saracen
Doctor.

Mummers.

Heath people, Queens at Party etc.,etc.,

- ACT 1. -

Time, 5th November night. Dark Scene.

Tidings of Clym's Homecoming.

- ACT I. -

Time. 5th November night. Dark Scene.

Timings of Clym's Homecoming.

A C T 1.

- Rainbarrow Beacon -

Curtain rises on dark scene, Slightly raised mound centre back of stage, with Eustacia standing perfectly motionless on summit as if watching and waiting for some one, on the appearance of moving forms approaching from right and left, she glides down and disappears on right. The moving forms are the Heath people each carrying a bundle of furze which they proceed to stack L. back of stage. for a bonfire, after which they light it up from a lighted lantern carried by boy, and stand round watching their fire burning and looking round and noting the other bonfires in the distance as they in turn light up.

Grandfer Cantle. (commencing a jig and singing in the voice of a bee up a flue)

The King called down his no-bles all,
By one, by two, by three;
Earl Mar-shal, I'll go shrive the queen,
And thou shalt wend with me.

Fairway. A fair stave, Grandfer Cantle; but I'm afeard 'tis too much for the mouldy weasand of such a old man as you.

Grandfer. Hey ?

Fairway. Dosn't wish was young again, I say? There's a hole in thy poor bellows nowadays seemingly.

Grandfer. But there's good art in me. If I couldn't make a little wind go a long ways I should seem no younger than the most aged man, should I, Timothy ?

Timothy. And how about the new-married folk down there at the "Quiet Woman" Inn ? What's the rights of the matter about 'em ? You ought to know being an understanding man.

Grandfer. But a little rakish, hey? I own to it neighbour Fairway, that age will cure.

Fairway I heard that they were married and were coming home to-night. What besides ?

ACT I.

- Rainbarrow Beacon -

Grandfer. The next thing is for us to go and wish 'em joy, I suppose.

Fairway. Well, no.

Grandfer. No ? Now, I thought we must. I met Mis'ess Yeobright, the young bride's aunt, last night, and she told me that her son Clym was coming home a' Christmas. Wonderful clever, a'believe - -ah, I should like to have all that's under that young man's hair.

Fairway. Is it because of the weddimg that Clym is coming home a' Christmas - - to make a new arrangement because his mother is now left in the house alone ?

Grandfer. Yes, yes - that's it, But, Timothy, hearken to me, Though known as such a joker, I be an understanding man if you catch me serious, and I be serious now. I can tell 'ee lots about the married couple (Measter Wildeve and Miss Thomasin I'd a mean). Yes, this morning at six o'clock they went up the country to do the job, nothing hasn't been seen o'em since, hhough I reckon that this afternoon has brought 'em home again, man and woman - - wife I mean.

Fairway. I didn't know the two had walked together since last fall. How long has this new set to been in mangling then ?. Do <u>You</u> know Humphrey.

Humphrey. Ever since her aunt altered her mind, and said she might hae'en, that's why they went away to be married, I count. You see after kicking up such a nunnywatch and forbidding the banns 'twould have made Mis'ss Yeobright seem foolish like to have a banging wedding in the same parish.

Fairway. Ah, well, I was at church that day. And I was sitting in the same pew as Mis'ess Yeobright and it fairly made my blood run cold to hear her say "I forbid the banns".

Humphrey. And now the maid have married him just the same.

Fairway. After that Mis'ess Yeobright came round and was quite agreeable.

Susan. Supposing they <u>were</u> shame-faced, I don't see why they shouldn't have done it here-roght, and called the neighbours together to hae a good rachet now and then. I don't care for close ways.

Grandler. The next thing is for us to go and wish 'em joy. I suppose.

Fairway. Well, no.

Grandler. No ? Now, I thought we must. I met Miss'ess Yeobright, the young bride's aunt, last night, and she told me that her son Clym was coming home a' Christmas. Wonderful clever, s'believe - -eh, I should like to have all that's under that young man's hair.

Fairway. Is it because of the wedding that Clym is coming home a' Christmas - - to make a new arrangement because his mother is now left in the house alone ?

Grandler. Yes, yes - that's it, Sam, Timothy, hearken to me, Though known as smart a joker, I be an understanding man if you catch me serious, and I be serious now. I can tell 'ee lots about the married couple (Mesmer Wildeve and Miss Thomasin I'd a mean). Yes, this morning at six o'clock they went up the country to do the job, nothing mean't been seen o'em since, though I reckon that this afternoon has brought 'em home again, man and woman - - wife I mean.

Fairway. I didn't know the two had walked together since last fall. How long has this new set to been in mangling then ? Do You know Humphrey.

Humphrey. Ever since her aunt altered her mind, and said she might has'en, that's why they went away to be married, I count. You see after sticking up such a nunnywatch and forbidding the banns 'twould have made Miss'es Yeobright seem foolish like to have a dancing wedding in the same parish.

Fairway. Ah, well, I was at church that day. And I was sitting in the same pew as Miss'ess Yeobright and it fairly made my blood run cold to hear her say "I forbid the banns".

Humphrey. And now the maid have married him just the same.

Fairway. After that Miss'ess Yeobright came round and was quite agreeable.

Susan. Supposing they were shame-faced, I don't see why they shouldn't have done it here-right, and called the neighbours together to have a good racket now and then. I don't care for close ways.

Fairway. I don't care for gay weddings. I hardly blame Thomasin and neighbour Wildeve for doing it quiet. A wedding at home means five and six-handed reels by the hour; and they do a man's legs no good when he is over forty.

Humphrey. True, Once at the woman's house you can hardly say nay to being one in a jig, knowing you be expected to make yourself worth your victuals.

Fairway. You be bound to dance at Christmas because 'tis the time o'year. You must dance at weddings because 'tis the time o'life. At christenings folk will even smuggle in a reel ot two if 'tis no further on than the first or second chiel, and that not naming the songs you've got to sing..... For my part I like a good hearty funeral as well as anything. You've as splendid victuals and drink as at other parties. And it don't wear your legs to stumps in talking over a poor fellows ways,as it do,to stand up in a hornpipe.

Susan. Well, I can't understand a quiet lady-like little body like Tamsin Yeobright caring about the man,though some may sayhe's good-looking.

Humphrey. He's a clever learned fellow in his way. An engineer - that's what he was, but he threw away his chance and so a took a public-house to live.

A Turf Cutter. He's older than her by a good few summers.

Sam. A pretty maid too she is. A young woman with a home must be a fool to tear her smock for a man like that.

Olly. A hundred maidens would have had him if he's asked 'em.

Humphrey. Dids't ever know a man neighbours,that no woman at all woubd marry ?

Fairway, Well, now, I did once. I did know of such a man. But only once,mind.

Sam. And what ghastly gallicrow might the poor fellow have been like, Master Fairway ?

Fairway Well,'a was neither a deaf man, nor a dumb man,nor a blind man.

Fairway. I don't care for gay weddings. I nearly blame Thomasin and neighbour Wrideve for doing it quiet. A wedding at home means five and six-handed reels by the hour; and they do a man's legs no good when he is over forty.

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Susan. Well, I can't understand a quiet lady-like little body like Thomasin Yeobright caring about the man,though some may say he's good-looking.

Humphrey. He's a clever learned fellow in his way. An engineer - that's what he was, but he threw away his chance and so took a public-house to live.

A Turf Cutter. He's older than her by a good few summers.

Sam. A pretty maid too she is. A young woman with a home must be a fool to tear her smock for a man like that.

Olly. A hundred maidens would have had him if he's asked 'em.

Humphrey. Didn't ever know a man neighbours,that no woman at all would marry ?

Fairway Well, now, I did once. I did know of such a man. But only once,mind.

Sam. And what Greatly Gallicrow might the poor fellow have been like, Master Fairway ?

Fairway Well,'a was neither a deaf man, nor a dumb man,nor a blind man.

Olly — Is he known in these parts ?

Fairway. — Hardly, but I name no name ..... Come, keep the fire up there youngsters.

Boy. — Whatever is Christian Cantle's teeth a-chattering for ? Be ye cold Christian ?

Christian. — No, n..n..not at all.

Fairway. — Come forward, Christian, and show yourself. I didn't know you were here.

(Christian is partly pushed forward by otheres)

Sam. — What be ye quaking for, Christian.

Christian. — I'm the man.

Sam. — What man ?

Christian. — The man no woman will marry.

Fairway. — The duce you be !

Christian. — Yes, I be he, and it makes me afeard. D'ye think 'twill hurt me ?

Fairway. — Well, - be dammed if this isn't the queerest start ever I know'd, I didn't mean you at all. There's another in the country, then ? Why did ye reveal your misfortune, Christian ?

Christian. — 'Twas to be if 'twas, I suppose. I can't help it can I ?

Fairway. — No, that's true. But this a melancholy thing, and my blood ran cold when you spoke, for I felt there was two poor fellows where I had thought only one. How'st know the women won't hae thee ?

Christian. — I've asked em.

Fairway. — Sure I should never have thought you had the face. Well, and what did the last one say to ye ? Nothing that can't be got over, perhaps, after all ?

Christian. — "Get out of my sight, you slack-twisted, slim-looking feel" was the woman's words to me.

Fairway. — Not encouraging I own. "Get out of my sight, you slack-

Billy. Is he known in these parts ?

Fairway. Hardly, but I name no name ..... Come,keep the fire up there youngsters.

Boy. Whatever is Christian Castle's teeth a-chattering for ? Be ye cold Christian ?

Christian. No,n.n.not at all.

Fairway. Come forward,Christian, and show yourself. I didn't know you were here.

(Christian is partly pushed forward by others)

Sam. What be ye quaking for, Christian.

Christian. I'm the man.

Sam. What man ?

Christian. The man no woman will marry.

Fairway. The duce you be !

Christian. Yes, I be he, and it makes me afeard. D'ye think 'twill hurt me ?

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Christian. "Get out of my sight,you black-twisted,slim-looking fool" was the woman's words to me.

Fairway. Not encouraging I own. "Get out of my sight,you black-

twisted,slim-looking fool" is rather a hard way of saying No. But even that might be overcome by time and patience,so as to let a few gray hairs show themselves in the hussy's head. How old be you Christian ?

Christian. Thirty-one last tatie digging,Master Fairway.

Fairway. Not a boy - - not a boy. Still theris hope yet.

Christian. That's my age by baptism,because that's put down in the great book of the Judgement - that they keep down in church vestry: but mother told me I was born some time afore I was christened.

Fairway. Ah !

Christian. But she couldn't tell when, to same her life,except that there was no moon.

Fairway. No moon: that's bad. Hey neighbours, that's bad for him !

Grandfer. Yes, 'tis bad.

Christian. Mother know'd 'twas no moon, for she asked another woman that had an almanac. Do you really think it serious, Mister Fairway, that there was no moon ?

Fairway. Yes; "No moon, no man" Tis one of the truest sayings ever spet out. A bad job for thee Christian,that you should have showed your nose then of all days in the month.

Christian. I suppose the moon was terrible full when you were born, Mister Fairway. (with look of hopeless admiration)

Fairway. Well, 'a was not new.

Christian. 'Tis said I be only the rames of a man,and no good to my race at all: and I suppose that's caused o't.

Grandfer. Ay, and yet his mother cried for scores of hours when 'a was a boy for fear he should outgrow himself and go for a soldier.

Fairway. Well,there, Wethers must live their time as well as other sheep, poor soul. (looking round for something

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Christian. Thirty-one last tatze digging,Master Fairway.

Fairway. Not a boy - - not a boy. Still there's hope yet.

Christian. That's my age by baptism,because that's put down in the Great book of the Judgement - that they keep down in church vestry: but mother told me I was born some time afore I was christened.

Fairway. Ah !

Christian. But she couldn't tell when, to save her life,except that there was no moon.

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Crandler. Ay, and yet his mother cried for scores of hours when 'a was a boy for fear he should outgrow himself and go for a soldier.

Fairway. Well,there, Wethers must live their time as well as other sheep, poor soul. (looking round for something

to turn the conversation,pointing off R.) To be sure, how near that fire is ! Little and good must be said of that fire,surely.

Boy. I can throw a stone there.

Grandfer. Andso can I !

Fairway. No, no, you can't my sonnies. That fire is not much less than a mile and a half off, for all that 'a seems so near.

Sam. 'Tis on the heath, but not furze.

Fairway. 'Tis cleft-wood. Nothing would burn like that except clean timber. And 'Tis on the knap afore old Captain' Vye's house at Mistover.

Grandfer. Cap'n Vye had been for a long walk today,and must be tired out, so tisn't likely to be he.

Susan. And he would hardly afford good fuel like that.

Fairway. Then it must be his grand-daughter. Not that a body of her age can want a fire much.

Susan. She's very strange in her ways,living up there by herself,and such things please her.

Humphrey. She's a well favoured maid enought,especially when she's got one of her dandy gowns on, and 'a won't take kindly to the idea of Wildeve's being married, I'm 'a thinking.

Fairway. Aye, I've heard as how there's been many a secret meeting between they two, here at Rainbarrow.

Humphrey. Well, there, that's over and done wee,even if there was anything in it.

Fairway. That's true. Well, let her bonfire burn an't will. Our's is well night out by the look o't.

Christian. How dark 'tis now the fire's gone down ! Don't ye think we'd better get home-along neighbours ? The heth is'nt haunted,I know; but we'd better get home- - Ah what was that ?(frightened)

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sure, how near that fire is ! Little and good
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Our's is well night out by the look o't.

Christian. How dark 'tis now the fire's gone down ! Don't ye
think we'd better get home-along neighbours ? The
path is'nt haunted,I know; but we'd better get home- -
An what was that ? (frightened)

Fairway. Nonsence, Christian, 'Twas only the wind. Lift up your spirits like a man ! Susy, dear, You and I will have a jig - hey, my honey. (before she can move Fairay lifts her bodily and begins to jump about with her, the clinking of her pattens and the creaking of her stays, and her screams of surprise forming a very audible concert)

Susan. I'll crack thy nunskull for thee, you mandy chap. My ankles were all in a fever afore, from walking through that prickly furze, and now you must make em worse with these vlankers.

(The rest of the men follow Fairways example by seizing the maids and dancing them round, Grandfer Cantle dancing around with his stick)

Hoi.i.i.i. (cries a voice from the distance)

Fairway. Halloo.o.o.o

Voice. Is there any cart-track up across here to Mis'ess Yeobright's of Bloom's End ?

Digg.Venn. (Enters 1st E.L.carrying a lighted lantern) Is there a track across here to Mrs Yeobright's house ?

Humphrey. Ay - keep along the path down there (pointing off L)

Fairway. What a turn it did give me when I zid him ! (adress-in the whole group) Lord's Sake I thought, Whatever firey mommet is this coming to trouble us ? No slight to your looks, reddleman, for ye baint bad-looking in the ground work, though the finish is queer. I half thought it 'twas the devil or the red ghost the boy's were talking of.

Digg Venn. Well, thank you for telling me, and Good-night to ye all) Exits 1st E.L.)

Humphrey. I fancy I've seen that young man's face before. But where, or how, or what his name is, I don't know.

Fairway. (Enter Mrs Yeobright) 1st E.R.) Why tis Mis'ess Yeobright ! Mis'ss Yeobright only a minute ago a man was asking for you. - a reddleman.

Mrs Yeobright. What did he want ?

Mrs Yeoright. What did he want ?

Fairway. (Enter Mrs Yeoright) Ist R.H.) Why Tis Mis'ess Yeoright ! Mis'ess Yeoright only a minute ago a man was asking for you. - a reddleman.

Humphrey. I fancy I've seen that young man's face before. But where, or how, or what his name is, I don't know.

Fairway. (Exits Ist R.H.)

Diggory Venn. Well, thank you for telling me, and Good-night to ye all

Humphrey. Ay - keep along the path down there (pointing off L)

Fairway. What a turn it did give me when I said him ! (addressing the whole group) Lord's Sake I thought, Whatever fiery moment is this coming to trouble us ? No slight to your looks, reddleman, for ye paint bad-looking in the ground work, though the finish is queer. I half thought it 'twas the devil or the red ghost the boy's were talking of.

Diggory Venn. (Enters Ist R.H. carrying a lighted lantern) Is there a track across here to Mrs Yeoright's house ?

Voice. Is there any cart-track up across here to Mis'ess Yeoright's or Bloom's Mud ?

Fairway. Hallo.o.o.o

Hoi.i.i.i. (cries a voice from the distance)

(The rest of the men follow Fairways example by seizing the maids and dancing them round, Grandfer Cantle dancing around with his stick)

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Fairway. He didn't tell us, but he can't be far off, ge'en a call Humphrey.
(Humphrey goes off Wing 1st E.L. and shouts.an answering shout in the distance)

Sam. I am glad to hear that your son,Mr Clym,is cpming home at Christmas,Ma'am.

Mrs Yeo. Yes, I believe he is coming.

Fairway. He must be a fine fellow by this time.

Mrs Yeo. He is a man now,but I am sorry to stop the talk,I am crossing the heath towards my niece's new home, who is returning tonight with her husband,and hearing Olly's voice I came up to ask if she would soon be going home:I should like her to walk with me,as her way is mine.

Olly. Ay, sure, ma'am,we were all just thinking of moving.

(Heath people drift off. R & L.)

(Enter Reddleman. 1st E.L.)

Olly, But here's the reddleman to see you,so I'll walk on a little and wait for 'ee.

Mrs Yeo. Thank you. (to reddleman) I think you have been enquiring for me ? I am Mrs Yeobright of Bloom's-End.

Venn. You don't know me ma'am I suppose ?

Mrs Yeo. I do not. Why,yes, I do ! You are young Venn - your father was a dairyman somewhere here ?

Venn. Yes, and I knew you niece,Miss Tamsin,a little. I have something bad to tell you.

Mrs Yeo. About her - - no ? She has just come home, I believe with her husband.

Venn. She's not there.

Mrs Yeo. How do you know?

Fairway. He didn't tell us, but he can't be far off, he's on a call Humphrey.

(Humphrey rises off Wing rat R.L. and shouts. A answering shout in the distance)

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Olly. Ay, sure, ma'am,we were all just thinking of moving.

(Heath people drift off. R & L.)

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Mrs Yeo. Thank you. (to reddleman) I think you have been enquiring for me ? I am Mrs Yeobright of Blooms-End.

Venn. You don't know me ma'am I suppose ?

Mrs Yeo. I do not. Why,yes, I do ! You are young Venn - your father was a dairyman somewhere here ?

Venn. Yes, and I knew you niece,Miss Tamsin,a little. I have something bad to tell you.

Mrs Yeo. About her - - no ? She has just come home, I believe with her husband.

Venn. She's not there.

Mrs Yeo. How do you know?

Venn. Because she's down yonder, she's in my van.

Mrs Yeo. What new trouble has come ? (putting hand over her eyes).

Venn. I can't explain much ma'am, I was going along the road this morning about a mile out of Anglebury, I heard something trotting after me like a doe, and looking round there she was, white as death itself. "O Diggory Venn"! she said, "will you help me ? I am in trouble".

Mrs Yeobright. How did she know you Christian name ?

Venn. I had met her as a lad before I went away in this trade. She asked if she might ride, and then she fell down in a faint. I picked her up and put her in, and there she has been ever since. She has cried a good deal, but has hardly spoke; all she has told me being that she was to have been married this morning.

Mrs Yeo. What ! and isn't she married then ?

Venn. There seems to have been something wrong with the Licence and the clergyman couldn't marry them at Anglebury.

Mrs Yeo. Take me to her at once, please ? It is very kind of you to have helped her so much, can you take her right on to me house?

Venn. Why should you think it necessary to ask me ? I will, of course.

Mrs Yeo. You are indeed kind, but now please take me to your van.

(Exit Mrs Yeobright and Venn leading L.)

(After a short pause following exit of Mrs Yeobright and Venn 1st E.L. Enter Eustacia 2nd R. She stands watching from back of stage as if expecting someone, on hearing someone approaching she withdraws to R.Wings as Wildeve enters 2nd E.L. Re-enter Eustacia R as if just come)

Wildeve. I have come. You give me no peace. I have seen your bonfire all the eveing.

Venn. Because she's down yonder, she's in my van.

Mrs Yeo. What new trouble has come ? (putting hand over her eyes).

Venn. I can't explain much ma'am, I was going along the road this morning about a mile out of Angleburry. I heard something trotting after me like a doe, and looking round there she was, white as death itself. "O Diggory Venn"! she said, "will you help me ? I am in trouble".

Mrs Yeobright. How did she know your Christian name ?

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Mrs Yeo. You are indeed kind, but now please take me to your van.

(Exit Mrs Yeobright and Venn leading L.)

(After a short pause following exit of Mrs Yeobright and Venn 1st R.L. Enter Eustacia 2nd R. She stands watching from back of stage as if expecting someone, on hearing someone approaching she withdraws to R. Wildeve enters 2nd R.L. Re-enter Eustacia R as if just come)

Wildeve. I have come. You give me no peace. I have seen your bonfire all the evening.

Eustacia. Of course you have seen my fire, why shouldn't I have a bonfire on the Fifth of November, like other denizens of the heath?

Wildeve. I knew it was meant for me.

Eustacia. How did you know it ? I have had no word with you since you - you chose her, and deserted me entirely, as if I had never been yours life and soul so irretrievably!

Wildeve. Eustacia ! could I forget that at this same day of the month last year, and at the same place you lighted exactly such a fire as a signal for me to come and see you ?

Eustacia. Yes, Yes - I own it, (under her breath with a drowsy fervour) Don't begin speaking to me as you did, Damon; you will drive me to say words I would not wish to say to you. I had given you up, and then I heard the news, I got the fire because I thought you had been faithful to me.

Wildeve. (Astonished) What have you heard to make you think that?

Eustacia (exultingly) That you did not marry her ! And I knew it was becuase you loved me best, and couldn't do it - - Damon, you have been cruel to me to go away, and I have said I would never forgive you. I do not think I can forgive you entirely, even now.

Wildeve. If I had known you wished to call me up here only to reproach me, I wouldn't have come.

Eustacia. But I don't mind it, and I do forgive you now that you have not married her, and have come back to me.

Wildeve. Who told you that I had not married her ?

Eustacia. My grandfather heard of a broken-off wedding, he thought it might be yours; and I knew it was. Now, Damon, do you see why I lit my signal fire ? You do not think I would have lit it if I had imagined you to have become the husband of this woman. It is insulting my pride to suppose that.

(Wildeve remains silent)

Eustacia. (earnestly) Did you indeed think I believed you were married ? Then you wronged me, Damon, you are not worthy of me; I see it, and yet I, love you. Never mind: let it go - I must bear your mean opinion as best

Mistress. Of course you have seen my fire, why shouldn't I have a bonfire on the fifth of November, like other denizens of the heath?

Wildeve. I knew it was meant for me.

Mistress. How did you know it ? I have had no word with you since you - you chose her, and deserted me entirely, as if I had never been your life and soul so irretrievably!

Wildeve. Mistress ! could I forget that at this same day of the month last year, and at the same place you lighted exactly such a fire as a signal for me to come and see you ?

Mistress. Yes, Yes - I own it, (under her breath with a drowsy fervour) Don't begin speaking to me as you did, Damon; you will drive me to say words I would not wish to say to you. I had given you up, and then I heard the news, I got the fire because I thought you had been faithful to me.

Wildeve. (Astonished) What have you heard to make you think that?

Mistress (exultingly) That you did not marry her ! And I knew it was because you loved me best, and couldn't do it - - Damon, you have been cruel to me to go away, and I have said I would never forgive you. I do not think I can forgive you entirely, even now.

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(Wildeve remains silent)

Mistress. (earnestly) Did you indeed think I believed you were married ? Then you wronged me, Damon, you are not worthy of me; I see it, and yet I love you. Never mind: let it go - I must bear your mean opinion as best

I may - - - It is true,is it not (with ill-concealed anxiety) that you could not bring yourself to give me up,and are still going to love me best of all?

Wildeve. (touchily) Yes, or why should I have come ? However, the curse of inflammability is upon me,and I must live under it,and take any snub from a woman. It has brought me down from engineering to innkeeping: what lower stage it had in store for me I have yet to learn. (He continues to look on her gloomily)

Eustacia. (Throwing back her shawl and showing her face and throat) Have you seen anything better than that in your travels ?

Wildeve (quietly) No.

Eustacia. Not even on the shoulders of Thomasin ?

Wildeve. Thomasin is a pleasing and innocent woman.

Eustacia. (with quick passionateness) That's nothing to do with it. We will leave her out; there are only you and me now to think of. Must I own that no words can exppess how gloomy I had become,because I thought you had quite deserted me ?

Wildeve. I am sorry I caused you that pain.

Eustacia. (archly) But prehaps it is not wholly because of you that I get gloomy. It is in my nature to feel like that. It was born in my blood I suppose.

Wildeve. Hypochondriasis.

Eustacia. Or else it was coming into this wild heath. I was happy enough at Budmouth. But Egdon will be brighter again now.

Wildeve. I hope it will (moodily) Do you know the consequence of this recall to me, my old darling? I shall come to see you again as before,at Rainbarrow.

Eustacia. Of course you will.

Wildeve. And yet I declare that until I got here to-night I intended,after this one good-bye,never to meet you again.

Eustacia. I don't thank you for that (turning away with rising indignation) You may come to Rainbarrow if you like,

I may - - - It is true, is it not (with ill-concealed anxiety) that you could not bring yourself to give me up, and are still going to love me spite of all?

Wildeve. (coldly) Yes, or why should I have come? However, the curse of indissolubility is upon me, and I must live under it, and take any comfort from a woman. It has brought me down from engineering to innkeeping; what lower stage it had in store for me I have yet to learn.

(He continues to look on her gloomily.)

Eustacia. (Throwing back her head and showing her face and throat) Have you seen anything better than that in your travels?

Wildeve (quietly) No.

Eustacia. Not even on the shoulders of Thomasin?

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Wildeve. I hope it will (moodily) Do you know the consequence of this recall to me, my old darling? I shall come to see you again as before, at Rainbarrow.

Eustacia. Of course you will.

Wildeve. And yet I declare that until I got here to-night I intended, after this one good-bye, never to meet you again.

Eustacia. I don't thank you for that (turning away with a look of indignation) You may come to Rainbarrow if you like.

but you won't see me: and you may call, but I shall not listen: and you may tempt me, but I won't give myself to you any more.

Wildeve. You have said that before, sweet, but such natures as yours don't so easily adhere to their words. Neither for the matter of that do such natures as mine.

Eustacia. This is the pleasure I have wom by my trouble (whispering bitterly) Why did I try to recall you ? Damon, a strangewarring takes place in my mind occasionally. I think when I become calm after your woundings, "Do I embrace a cloud of common fog after all"? You are a chamelon, and now you are at your worst colour. Go home, or I shall hate you.

Wildeve. (looking absently off) L. Yes, I will go home. Do you mean to see me again ?

Eustacia. If you own to me that the wedding is broken off because you love me best.

Wildeve. I don't think it would be good policy. (smiling) You would get to know the extent of your power too clearly.

Eustacia. But tell me !

Wildeve. You know.

Eustacia. Where is she now ?

Wildeve. I don't know. I have not married her yet. That is enough.

Eustacia. I merely lit that fire because I was dull, and thought I would get a little excitement by calling you up and triumphing over you as the Witch of Endore called up Samuel. I determined you <u>should</u> come, and you <u>have</u> come ! I have shown my power. A mile and a half hither, and a mile and a half home - three miles in the dark <u>for me</u>. <u>Have I</u> not shown my power ?

Wildeve. (shaking his head at her) I know you too well, my Eustacia, and that hot little bosom couldn't play such a cold-blooded trick to save its life. I saw a woman on Rainbarrow at dusk looking towards my house. I, think I drew out you before you drew out me. (He leans forward as if to put his face to her cheek)

Anastasia. I merely lit that fire because I was dull, and thought I would get a little excitement by calling you up and triumphing over you as the Witch of Endore called up Samuel. I determined you should come, and you have come! I have shown my power. A mile and a half hither, and a mile and a half home - three miles in the dark for me. Have I not shown my power?

Wildeve. (speaking the head at her) I know you too well, my Anastasia, and that not little bosom couldn't play such a cold-blooded trick to save its life. I saw a woman on Rainbarrow at dusk looking towards my house. I think I drew out you before you drew out me. (He leans forward as if to put his face to her cheek)

but you won't see me: and you may call, but I shall not listen: and you may tempt me,but I won't give myself to you any more.

Wildeve. You have said that before,sweet, but such natures as yours don't so easily adhere to their words. Neither for the matter of that do such natures as mine.

Anastasia. This is the pleasure I have won by my trouble (whisperingly bitterly) Why did I try to recall you ? Demon, a struggle takes place in my mind occasionally. I think when I become vain after your wooings, "To embrace a cloud of common fog after all"? You are a chameleon, and now you are at your worst colour. Go home,or I shall hate you.

Wildeve. (looking absently off) I. Yes, I will go home. Do you mean to see me again ?

Anastasia. If you own to me that the wedding is broken off because you love me best.

Wildeve. I don't think it would be good policy. (smiling) You would get to know the extent of your power too clearly.

Anastasia. But tell me !

Wildeve. You know.

Anastasia. Where is she now ?

Wildeve. I don't know. I have not married her yet. That is enough.

Eustacia. O no. (moving away) What did you mean by that ?

Wildeve. Perhaps I may kiss your hand ?

Eustacia. No, you may not.

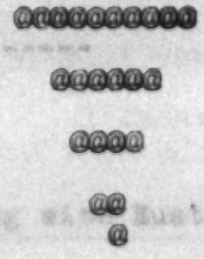
Wildeve. Then I may shake your hand.

Eustacia. No !

Wildeve. Then I wish you good-night without caring for either. (going) Good-bye. (at wing) Good-bye. (with elaborate bow) Exit 2nd E.L.

Eustacia. (returns no answer) but give a shivering sigh and is about to move off in opposite direction R.

C U R T A I N.



Beatrix. O no. (Putting down) What did Cara mean by that?

Aldous. Perhaps I may give them news?

Beatrix. No, Cara must not.

Aldous. Then I may speak Cara [name].

Beatrix. No!

Aldous. Then I will ask Cara [name] [illegible] Beatrix. [illegible]
(Going) Good-bye. (At door) Beatrix. [illegible]
now) Must not I?

Beatrix. (Picture on mantel) Let Cara's [illegible] ought to mean all to Aldous Stanton?

CURTAIN.

A C T II.

Scene I. The Parlour at Captain Vye's

Scene II. Mrs Yeobright's Kitchen at Bloom's-End.

Christmas Party in honour of

Clym's Home-coming.

Clym's Meeting with Eustacia.

ACT II.

Scene I. The Parlour at Captain Vye's

Scene II. Mrs Yeoburgh's Kitchen at Bloom's-End.

Christmas Party in honour of

Clym's Home-coming.

Clym's Meeting with Eustacia.

A C T II. Scene I.

At Captain Vye's House at Mistover Knap.

As Curtain rises Eustacia is seen sitting brooding over the fire, Scene dark, only light from fire.

Eustacia. Oh, how lonely it is ! I hate this heath as much as ever. What are picturesque ravines and mists to me who see nothing else ? Why should I stay here ? How mournfully the wind blows across its wild and gloomy surface. Oh! this heath ! 'Tis my cross,my misery and will be my death.

(A step is heard in the passage and a tapping at the door of the room. R)

Eustacia. Who's there ?

Charley. Please,Cap'n Vye, will you let me -----

Eustacia. (going to door) I cannot allow you to come in so boldly. You should have waited.

Charley. Please Miss, The Cap'n said I might come in without any fuss.

Eustacia. Oh, did he ? (more gently) What do you want Charley?

Charley. The key, please Miss, your Grandfather has lent us his fuel-house to try over our parts in to-night.

Eustacia. What, are you one of the Egdon Mummers for this year ?

Charley. Yes,Miss, The cap'n have always let the old mummers practice here.

Eustacia. I know it. (taking down key from nail near door) Here is the key. When do you start your playing?

Charley. Our first outing will be on Monday night at Mrs

A C T II. Scene I.

At Captain Vye's House at Mistover Knap.

As Curtain rises Mustacia is seen sitting brooding over the fire. Scene dark, only light from fire.

Mustacia. Oh, how lonely it is ! I hate this heath as much as ever. What are picturesque ravines and mists to me who see nothing else ? Why should I stay here ? How mournfully the wind blows across its wild and gloomy surface. Oh! this heath ! 'Tis my curse,my misery and will be my death.

(A step is heard in the passage and a tapping at the door of the room. E)

Mustacia. Who's there ?

Charley. Please,Cap'n Vye, will you let me -----

Mustacia. (Going to door) I cannot allow you to come in so boldly. You should have waited.

Charley. Please Miss, The Cap'n said I might come in without any fuss.

Mustacia. Oh, did he ? (more gently) What do you want Charley?

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Mustacia. I know it. (taking down key from nail near door) Here is the key. When do you start your playing?

Charley. Our first outing will be on Monday night at Mrs

Yeobright's.

Eustacia. Mrs Yeobright's ! What makes her want to see you ? (with enquiring interest)

Charley. She's got up a bit of a Party, because 'tis the first Christmas that her son Clym has been here for a long time.

Eustacia. (becoming more interested) And where has he been for so long ?

Charley. He's been away over in Paris. A manager in a big diamond business.

Eustacia. Indeed! Charley, come over here. (Charley surprised advances to fireplace, Eustacia points to a seat by fire R. and seats herself on the other side, so that light from fire can fall full on their faces.)

Eustacia. Which part do you play, Charley - The Turkish Knight do you not ?

Charley. Yes, miss, the Turkish Knight.

Eustacia. Is your a long part ?

Charley. A dozen lines or so, about.

Eustacia. Can you repeat them to me ? If so I should like to hear them.

Charley. (smiles into fire and recites his part)

"Here come I, a Turkish Knight, etc, etc,

Eustacia. (As Charly finishes, Eustacia repeats the part)

Charley. (with surprise and admiration) Well, you be a clever lady ! I've been three weeks learning mine.

Eustacia. I have heard it before. Now, would you do anything to please me, Charley ?

Charley. I'd do a great deal, Miss.

Eustacia. Would you let me play your part for one night ?

Yeobright's.

Eustacia. Mrs Yeobright's ! What makes her want to see you ?
(with enquiring interest)

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Charley. (smiles into fire and rehearses his part)

"Here come I, a Turkish Knight,etc, etc,

Eustacia. (As Charly finishes, Eustacia repeats the part)

Charley. (with surprise and admiration) Well, you be a clever lady ! I've been three weeks learning mine.

Eustacia. I have heard it before. Now, would you do anything to please me,Charley ?

Charley. I'd do a great deal,Miss.

Eustacia. Would you let me play your part for one night ?

Charley — Oh miss ! But your woman's gown ---- you couldn't.

Eustacia. — I can get all that would be wanted besides the mumming dress. What should I give you to lend me your things, to let me take your place for an hour or two at Mrs Yeobright's on Monday night, and not say a wand to the others who I am ? Now, what must I give you to agree to this? Half-a-crown ?

Charley. — (shakes his head)

Eustacia. — Five shillings ?

Charley. — (shakes his head again) Money won't do it.

Eustacia. — (in a dissappointed tone) What will. then, Charley ?

Charley. — You know what you forbade me at the may-poling, miss?

Eustacia. — You wanted to join hands with me in the ring, if I recollect ?

Charley. — Half an hour of that, and I'll agree, miss.

Eustacia. — Half an hour of what ?

Charley. — Holding your hand in mine.

Eustacia. — (silent pause) Make it a quarter of an hour.

Charley. — Yes, Miss Eustacia -- I will, if I may kiss it too. A quarter of an hour, and I'll swear to do my best to let you take my place and nobody know.

Eustacia. — Very Well; you shall hold my hand as soon as you bring the dress and your sword and staff, are you using it tonight ? If so fetch it that I may try it on.

Charley. — We're only practising with the tunic and helmet to-night, shall I fetch that.

Eustacia. — Yes.

(Charley departs to fetch things. Door R.)

Eustacia. — (brightening up) Ah ! want of an object to live for - that is the matter with me.

(Charley reappears with clothes. Door R.

Charley Oh mise ! But your woman's gown ---- you couldn't.

Bustacia. I can get all that would be wanted besides the mumming dress. What should I give you to lend me your things, to let me take your place for an hour or two at Mrs Yeobright's on Monday night,and not say a word to the others who I am ? Now, what must I give you to agree to this? Half-a-crown ?

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Bustacia. (brightening up) Ah ! want of an object to live for - that is the matter with me.

(Charley reappears with clothes. Door R.

Charley. Here are the things, and now Miss Eustacia - -

Eustacia. Stay, let me try them on first.
(Eustacia puts on Tunic and Helmet with Charley's assistance and recites first sentence of part)

Charley. And ---- Miss Eustacia ----------

Eustacia. The payment. It is quiteready, I am as good as my word. (She gives him her hand, which he takes with a tenderness beyond description)

Eustacia. And now, where do you meet before you go to Mrs Yeobright's ?

Charley. We thought of meeting here, miss, at eight o'clock, so as to get there by nine.

Eustacia. Yes. Well, you of course must not appear.

Charley. I think I won't use it all up tonight. May I have the other few minutes another time ?

Eustacia. As you like, but it must be over in a week. I have decided that the best plan will be to make a real excuse. Our two heath-croppers often stray into the meads and Monday evening you can go to see if they are gone there, I'll manage the rest. Now you may leave me.

Charley. Yes, miss. But I think I'll have one minute more of what I am owed if you don't mind.

Eustacia. (gives him her hand as before) One minute. (pause) There. (withdraws her hand)

Charley. There, 'tis all gone: and I didn't mean quite all (said with a sigh)

Eustacia. You had good measure. (turning away)

Charley. (gathers up the clothes etc) Yes, miss. Well, 'tis over and now I'll get home-along. (Exits. Door R.)

C UR T A I N.

Charley. Here are the things,and now Miss Eustacia - -

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(Eustacia puts on Tunic and Helmet with Charley's assistance and recites first sentence of part)

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Eustacia. You had good measure. (turning away)

Charley. (gathers up the clothes etc) Yes,miss. Well,'tis over and now I'll get home-along. (Exits. Door R.)

OUR TAIN.

A C T II. Scene II.

Scene. Mrs Yeobright's Kitchen. Doors R & L.U.E. Chimney corner fireplace with fire on hearth R. Windon C.

Curtain rises on Country Dance (Five-handed Reel) Mrs Yeobright, Clym, Grandfer Cantle, Humphrey and others, as dance ends knocking at Door L.

Mrs Yeo. Come in, Come in, (Enter Timothy Fairway and Christian Cantle. Mrs Yeobright and Clym advance to meet them, Clym shakes hands etc.)

Mrs Yeo. How is it you are so late ? Grandfer Cantle has been here ever so long, and we thought you'd have come with him, as you live so near one another.

Fairway. Well, I should have come earlier (Fairway looks round now for nail to hang his hat on) I should have come earlier ma'am, but I know what parties be, and how there's none too much room in folk's houses at such times, so I thought I wouldn't come till you'd got settled a bit.

Christian Cnatle. And I thought so too, Mrs Yeobright, but Father there was so eager that he had no manners at all, and left home almost afore 'twas dark. I told him 'twas barely decent in a' old man to come so oversoon; but words be wind.

Grandfer. Klk! I wasn't going to bide waiting about till half the game was over. I'm as light as a kite when anythings going on.

Fairway. (after a critical gaze at Clym) Now, you may not believe it, but I should never have knowed this gentleman if I had met him anywhere off his own he'th: he's altered so much.

Clym. You too have altered, and for the better, I think, Timothy.

Gandfer. Maister Yeobright, look me over too, I have altered for the better, haven't I, hey ? (Grandfer has risen and placed himself about half an inch from Clym's eye.)

Fairway. (Taking candle and moving it over the surface of Grandfer's face) To be sure we will.

Clym. You haven't changed much Grandfer.

A C T II. Scene II.

Scene. Mrs Yeobright's Kitchen. Doors R & L.U.E.
Chimney corner fireplace with fire on hearth R.
Window C.

Curtain rises on Country Dance (Five-handed Reel)
Mrs Yeobright, Clym, Grandfer Cantle, Humphrey and others,
as dance ends knocking at Door L.

Mrs Yeo. Come in, Come in. (Enter Timothy Fairway and Christian Cantle. Mrs Yeobright and Clym advance to meet them, Clym shakes hands etc.)

Mrs Yeo. How is it you are so late ? Grandfer Cantle has been here ever so long,and we thought you'd have come with him,as you live so near one another.

Fairway. Well, I should have come earlier (Fairway looks round now for mail to hang his hat on) I should have come earlier ma'am,but I know what parties be,and how there's none too much room in folk's houses at such times,so I thought I wouldn't come till you'd got settled a bit.

Christian Cantle. And I thought so too,Mrs Yeobright,but Father there was so eager that he had no manners at all,and left home almost afore 'twas dark. I told him 'twas purely decent in a' old man to come so overseen; but words be wind.

Grandfer. Kik! I wasn't going to bide waiting about till half the game was over. I'm as light as a kite when anything going on.

Fairway. (after a critical look at Clym) Now,you may not believe it,but I should never have known this gentleman if I had met him anywhere off his own he'th: he's altered so much.

Clym. You too have altered,and for the better,I think,Timothy.

Grandfer. Maister Yeobright,look me over too, I have altered for the better,haven't I,hey ? (Grandfer has risen and placed himself about half an inch from Clym's eye.)

Fairway. (Taking candle and moving it over the surface of Grandfer's face) To be sure we will.

Clym. You haven't changed much Grandfer.

Fairway. If there's any difference,Grandfer is younger.

Grandfer. And yet not my own doing,and I feel no pride in it. But I cantt be cured of my vagaries; them I plead guilty to. But I am nothing by the side of you Mister Clym.

Humphrey. (in low rich tone of admiration) Nor any o'us.

Grandfer. Aye, we all look a bit scammish beside him. But you should a seen me in the year four,'twas said there wasn't a finer figure in the whole South Wessex than I. You should have seen us on the day we ran out of Budmouth because it was thoughted that Boney had landed round the point. There was I.wi' my forelock.and my bagnet,and my spatterdashes,and my stock a' sawing my jaws off,and my accoutrements shining like the seven stars! Yes, you ought to have seen me in four.

Fairway. 'Tis his mother's side where Master Clym's figure comes from,bless ye. I knowed her brothers well. Longer coffins were never made in the whole county of Wessex.

Christian. Coffins,where ? Have the ghost of one appeared to anybody, Maister Fairway ?

Fairway. No, No, Don't let your mind so mislead your ears,Christian: and be a man.

Christian. I will. But now I think o't my shadder last night seemed just the shape of a coffin. What is it sign of when your shade's like a coffin,neighbours ? It can't be nothing to be afeard of. I suppose ?

Grandfer. Afeard,No ! Faith I was never afeard of nothing except Boney,or I shouldn't ha' been the soldier I was. Yes, 'tis a thousand pities you didn't see me in four !

Humphrey. Still, they do say that ghosts do show theirselves once in a way. Some have been seen lately too. Very strange ones.

Christian. (all of a quake) No -- don't talk o't. 'Twill make my skin crawl when I think o't in bed alone,and I shall dream all night o't ! What sort of evil spirits did ye mean when ye said very strange ones Humphrey? No, no, don't tell me !

Fairway. If there's any difference,Grandfer is younger.

Grandfer. And yet not my own doing,and I feel no pride in it. But I can't be cured of my vagaries; then I plead guilty to. But I am nothing by the side of you Master Clym.

Humphrey. (in low rich tone of admiration) Nor any o'us.

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Humphrey. Still, they do say that ghosts do show themselves once in a way. Some have been seen lately too. Very strange ones.

Christian. (all of a quake) No -- don't talk o't. 'Twill make my skin crawl when I think o't in bed alone,and I small dream all night o't ! What sort of evil spirits did ye mean when ye said very strange ones Humphrey? No, no, don't tell me !

Humphrey. I don't half believe in ghosts myself. But I think it ghostly enoggh o what I was told. 'Twas a little boy that zid 'en.

Christian. What was they like ? - - No, don't - - -

Humphrey. Ghosts wi' swords and helmets. Yes, most ghosts be in sheets, but these were as if they had been clothed in fighting gear.

Christian. (drawing a deep breath)

Fairway. Where have they been seen ?

Humphrey. Not exactly here: but in this same he'th. But 'tisn't a thing to talk about.

Fairway. (in a brisk tone by way of turning the conversation) What do ye say neighbours,to Grandfer giving us one of they old ballets of his.

Grandfer. Hey ? And so I will,but I am as dry as a kex wi all this talking and I haven't seen the colour of drink since nammet-time today. (Clym hands mug of drink) Thanks Maister Clym. And neighbours,if we should be a little late in finishing tonight,why tomorrow's Sunday,and we can sleep it off.

Mrs Yeo. Grandfer Cantle ! You take things very careless for an old man.

Grandfer. Yes Ma'am. I take things careless: I do - - too careless to please the women ! klk! I'll sing the "Jovial Crew" or any other song when a weak old man would cry his eyes out. Jown it: I am up for anything.

S O N G.

As Grandfer finishes song a loud knocking at Door, Enter Father Christmas followed in turns by the other Mummers.

Humphrey. Why - Here's the mummers! - Tis the very ghosts we were talking abbut.

Grandfer. Be jowned if 'Tisn't !

Christian. Yes, Ghosts like warriors - just as you seed 'em,Humphrey.

Humphrey. I don't half believe in ghosts myself. But I think it ghostly enough - what I was told. 'Twas a little boy that said 'en.

Christian. What was they like ? - - No, don't - - -

Humphrey. Ghosts wi' swords and helmets. Yes, most ghosts be in sheets, but these were as if they had been clothed in fighting gear.

Christian. (drawing a deep breath)

Fairway. Where have they been seen ?

Humphrey. Not exactly here: but in this same he'th. But 'tisn't a thing to talk about.

Fairway. (in a brisk tone by way of turning the conversation) What do ye say neighbours, to Grandfer giving us one of they old ballets of his.

Grandfer. Hey ? And so I will, but I am as dry as a kex wi all this talking and I haven't seen the colour of drink since hammet-time today. (Clym hands mug of drink) Thanks Maister Clym. And neighbours, if we should be a little late in finishing tonight, why tomorrow's Sunday, and we can sleep it off.

Mrs Yeo. Grandfer Cantle ! You take things very careless for an old man.

Grandfer. Yes Ma'am. I take things careless: I do - - too careless to please the women ! Kik! I'll sing the "Jovial Crew" or any other song when a weak old man would cry his eyes out. Town it: I am up for anything.

S O N G.

As Grandfer finishes song a loud knocking at door, Enter Peter Christmas followed in turns by the other Mummers.

Humphrey. Why - Here's the mummers! - Tis the very ghosts we were talking about.

Grandfer. Be jowned if 'Tisn't !

Christian. Yes, Ghosts like warriors - just as you seed 'em, Humphrey.

Humphrey. (smiling) I didn't say I zid 'em. I said a little boy zid 'em!

Others. Ha. ha. So that was what made your flesh crawl, Christian!

Christian. I bain't afeard o' mummers - - except sometimes.

The Mummers come forward.

Welcome or welcome not,
I hope Old Father Christmas
Will never be forgot:-
Although it's Father Christmas I've a short time to stay,
But I've come to show you pleasure before I pass away!
Make room, make room, my gallants, room,
And give us space to rhyme;
We've come to show Saint George's play
Upon this Christmas time.
And if you don't believe my words, I straight call out, Walk in,
Walk in, O valiant Soldier, and boldly now begin!

Enter the Valiant Soldier.

Here come I the Valiant Soldier,
Slasher is my name,
With sword and buckle by my side

Humphrey. (smiling) I didn't say I did 'em. I said a little boy did 'em!

Ogbere. Ha. ha. So that was what made your flesh crawl, Christian!

Railway. (in a brisk tone by way of turning the conversation) What do ye say neighbours, to Grandter giving us one of they old ballete of his.

Grandter. Hey ? And so I will, but I am as dry as a kex wi all this talking and I haven't seen the colour of drink since hammet-time today. (Glym hands mug of drink) Thanks Maister Glym. And neighbours, if we should be a little late in finishing tonight, why tomorrow's Sunday, and we can sleep it off.

Mrs Yeo. Grandter Gantle ! You take things very careless for an old man.

Grandter. Yes Ma'am. I take things careless: I do - - too careless to please the women ! Kik! I'll sing the "Jovial Crew" or any other song when a week old man would cry his eyes out. Down it: I am up for anything.

S O N G.

As Grandter finishes song a loud knocking at door, Enter Father Christmas followed in turns by the other Mummers.

Humphrey. Why - Here's the mummers! - Tis the very ghosts we were talking about.

Grandter. Be jowned if 'Tisn't !

Christian. Yes, Ghosts like warriors - just as you seed 'em,Humphrey.

(The Mumming Scene in Act II of the Play.)

THE PLAY MASQUE OF "SAINT GEORGE".

As aforetime acted by the Dorsetshire Christmas Mummers.

(Based on the version in "The Return of the Native", completed from ~~extant~~ other versions and from local tradition. Collocated and revised by T.H.

Father Christmas. (Walking round swinging his club and clearing the room)

Here come I, old Father Christmas,
Welcome or welcome not,
I hope Old Father Christmas
Will never be forgot:-
Although it's Father Christmas I've a short time to stay,
But I've come to show you pleasure before I pass away!
Make room, make room, my gallants, room,
And give us space to rhyme;
We've come to show Saint George's play
Upon this Christmas time.
And if you don't believe my words, I straight call out, Walk in,
Walk in, O valiant Soldier, and boldly now begin!

Enter the Valiant Soldier.

Here come I the Valiant Soldier,
Slasher is my name,
With sword and buckle by my side

Here come I, old Father Christmas,

Welcome or welcome not,

I hope old Father Christmas

Will never be forgot:-

Although it's Father Christmas I've a short time to stay,

But I've come to show you pleasure before I pass away!

Make room, make room, my gallants, room,

And give us space to rhyme;

We've come to show Saint George's play

Upon this Christmas time.

And if you don't believe my words, I straight call out, Walk in,

Walk in, O valiant Soldier, and boldly now begin!

Here come I the Valiant Soldier,

Slasher is my name,

With sword and buckle by my side

I hope to win the game.
One of my brethren I've seen wownded,
Another I've seen slain,
So I will fight with any foe,
Upon this British plain.
Yea,with my sword and with my spear,
To fend the right,I'll battle here!

Enter the Turkish Knight.

Here come I,the Turkish Knight,
Come from the Turkish land to fight;
I'll fight St.George and all his crew,
Aye,countryfolk and warriors too.
Who is this man with courage bold?
If his blood's hot,I'll make it cold!

ValiantSoldier (coming forward)

It thou art called the Turkish Knight,
Draw out thy sword,and let us fight!
I am the friend of good Saint George,
I've fought men o'er and o'er,
And for the sake of good Saint George
I'd fight a hundred more.

(They fight. The Valiant Soldier falls)

To slay this false knight did I try -

To slay this false knight did I try -

(They fight. The Valiant Soldier falls)

I'd fight a hundred more.

And for the sake of Good Saint George,

I've fought man o'er and o'er,

I am the Knight of Good Saint George,

Draw out thy sword, and let us fight!

It thou art called the Turkish Knight,

Valiant Soldier (coming forward)

If his blood's hot, I'll make it cold!

Who is this man with courage bold?

Aye, country, kin and warriors too.

I'll fight St. George and all his crew,

Come from the Turkish land to fight;

Here come I, the Turkish Knight.

Enter the Turkish Knight.

To lead the fight, I'll battle here!

Yea, with my sword and with my spear.

Upon this British plain.

So I will fight with any foe,

Another I've seen slain,

One of my brethren I've seen wounded,

I hope to win the game.

'Tis for the right I have to die! (dies)

Turkish Knight (marching round)

If Saint George but meet me here
I'll try his mettle without fear!

Enter Saint George.

Here come I, Saint George, the Valiant man,
With glittering sword and spear in hand,
Who fought the Dragon boldly and brought him to the slaughter,
By which I won fair Sabra, the King of Egypt's daughter.
So haste away, make no delay,
For I can give some lusty thumps,
And, like a true born Englishman,
Fight on my legs or on my stumps!
What mortal man would dare to stand
Before me with my sword in hand?

Turkish Knight (advancing)

Make not so bold, Saint George, I pray:
Though thou'rt all this, thou'rt one I'll slay!

Saint George.

My blood is hot as any fire
So I must say thee Nay,
For with my trusty sword and spear
I'll take thy life away.

I'll take thy life away.

For with my trusty sword and spear
Do I must say thee May,
My blood is not as any fire

Saint George.

Though thou'rt all'tire, thou'rt one I'll slay!
Make not so bold, Saint George, I pray:

Turkish Knight (advancing)

Before me with my sword in hand?
What mortal man would dare to stand
Fight on my legs or on my stumps!
And, like a true born Englishman,
For I can give some lusty thumps.
So haste away, make no delay,
By which I won fair Sabra, the King of Egypt's daughter.
Who fought the Dragon boldly and brought him to the slaughter,
With glittering sword and spear in hand,
Here come I, Saint George, the Valiant man,

Enter Saint George.

I'll try his mettle without fear!
If Saint George but meet me here

Turkish Knight (marching round)

'Tis for the fight I have to die! (dies)

Turkish Knight.

Then thou and I will a battle try.

Saint George.

And if I conquer thou shalt die!

So give me leave, I'll give thee battle,

And quickly make thy bones to rattle!

(They fight. The Turkish Knight is wounded and falls upon one knee)

Turkish Knight.

Can there a doctor come to me

From anywhere in this countree?

Father Christmas (looking round)

Is there a doctor to be found

To cure this man of his deadly wownd?

For whatsoever wrath you feel

Towards your foeman, we must heal.

Enter the Doctor (a bottle strapped under his arm)

Yes, there's a doctor to be found

To cure this man of his deadly wownd.

With this small bottle that you see

I cure all evils there can be;

The phthistic, the palsy and the gout,

If the devil's in I'll blow him out!

Turkish Knight.

Then thou and I will a battle try.

Saint George.

And if I conquer thou shalt die!

So give me leave, I'll give thee battle.

And quickly make thy bones to rattle!

(They fight. The Turkish Knight is wounded and falls upon one knee)

Turkish Knight.

Can there a doctor come to me

From anywhere in this countree?

Father Christmas. (looking round)

Is there a doctor to be found

To cure this man of his deadly wound?

For whatsoever wrath you feel

Towards your foeman, we must heal.

(Enter the Doctor (a bottle strapped under his arm)

Yes, there's a doctor to be found

To cure this man of his deadly wound.

With this small bottle that you see

I cure all evils there can be;

The phthisic, the palsy and the gout,

If the devil's in I'll blow him out.

Father Christmas.

Doctor then, O what's thy fee,

For doing of this great merc-y?

Doctor.

Fifty pounds is my fee,

But ten pound less I'll take of thee.

Father Christmas.

What dost say, eh? Half a crown?

Doctor.

No. I tell thee forty poun' -

A small sum that to save a man,

And you've the money in your han'.

Father Christmas.

Try thy skill; it must be so,

Whe'r I pay thy fee or no.

Small money have I, but do thy best,

And trust the victors for the rest.

(The Doctor restores the Knight by giving him a draught from the bottle he carries. Exit Doctor. The fight is resumed. But the Turk sinks by degrees, and is at last killed by St, George.)

St.George.

The first one, Father, now is dead:

Call in the second, that Champion whom I dread.

(Father Christmas looks about, but nobody appears. Pause)

Father Christmas.

Doctor then, O what's thy fee,

For doing of this great mere-y?

Doctor.

Fifty pounde is my fee,

But ten pound less I'll take of thee.

Father Christmas.

What dost say,any Half a crownt

Doctor.

No. I tell thee forty poun' -

A small sum that to save a man,

And you've the money in your han'.

Father Christmas.

Try thy skill; it must be so.

Wha'r I pay thy fee or no.

Small money have I, but do thy best,

And trust the victore for the rest.

The Doctor restores the Knight by giving him a draught from the bottle he carries. Exit Doctor. The Knight is restored. But the Turk sinks by degrees,and is at last killed by St.George.)

St.George.

The first one, Father, now is dead:

Call in the second, that Champion whom I dread.

(Father Christmas looks about,but nought appears. Pause)

Where is the Saracen ? He doth so long delay,

That hero of renown, I long to show him play!

Enter the Saracen (with a loud strut)

Here come I, the Osmanlee,

I am the man to conquer Thee!

My head is cased in iron, my body in steel;

I'll fight with thee, Saint George, and make thee feel!

(Looks at the dead bodies)

O see what blood Saint George hass spilled in fight;

I'll vanquish him before I sleep this night.

Saint George.

Since then 'Tis not against thy will,

Nor yet against thy might,

If thou canst battle with Saint George

Draw out thy sword and ~~fight~~ smite.

(They fight. The Saracen falls wounded)

Tremble thou tyyant for thy sin that's past,

Tremble to think to-night shall be thy last;

My conquering arm shall send thy fire and fume

By one more stroke to thy eternal doom;

Aye, I, despite the steel thou boastest so,

Dispatch thee now to where the wicked go.

Saracen.

O pardon me Saint George. Thy pardon now I crave,

O pardon me this night, and I will be thy slave!

Where is the Saracen ? He doth so long delay,
That Hero of renown, I long to show him play!

Enter the Saracen (with a loud stout)

Here come I,the Damaniee,
I am the man to conquer Thee!
My head is cased,in iron,my body in steel;
I'll fight with thee,Saint George,and make thee feel!
(looks at the dead bodies)
O see what blood Saint George hase spilled in fight;
I'll vanquish him before I sleep this night.

Saint George.

Since then 'Tis not against thy will,
Nor yet against thy might,
If thou canst battle with Saint George
Draw out thy sword and fight smite.
(They fight. The Saracen falls wounded)
Tremble thou tyrant for thy sin that's past,
Tremble to think to-night shall be thy last;
My conquering arm shall send thy life and fame
By one more stroke to thy eternal doom;
Aye, I, despite the steel thou possest so,
Dispatch thee now to where the wicked go.

Saracen.

O pardon me Saint George. Thy pardon now I crave,
O pardon me this night, and I will be thy slave!

Saint George.

I will never pardon thee, thou Saracen,
But rise, and draw, and we will fight again!

he Saracen rises. They fight. The Saracen is killed and his head cut
ff.

Father Christmas advances.

To greet our ears, O what wild moans
Throughout this fight, and what deep groans!
Is there a doctor to be found
That can raise dead men from the ground,
So as to have them for to stand
And walk again upon this land?
I've heard of a mill that grinds old people young
But not of a leech to give these dead men tongue

Saint George.

Yes, that same doctor can be found
To raise these dead men from the ground,
So as to have them for to stand
And walk again upon the land.

Father Christmas.

Then Doctor, Doctor, prithee come,
And raise these men now dead and dumb:
Saint George, thyself hadst better call him here,
To save these corpses from the mournful bier.

Saint George.

I will never pardon thee, thou Saracen,

But rise, and draw, and we will fight again!

Saracen rises. They fight. The Saracen is killed and his head cut

To greet our care, O what wild moans

Throughout this fight, and what deep groans!

Is there a doctor to be found

That can raise dead men from the ground,

So as to have them for to stand

And walk again upon this land?

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So as to have them for to stand

And walk again upon the land.

Then Doctor, Doctor, prithee come,

And raise these men now dead and dumb:

Saint George, thyself hadst better call him here,

To save these corpses from the mournful bier.

Saint George.

I'll warrant he'll answer to my call;

(calls) Doctor! haste hereand save them all!

(Enter Doctor slowly)

Father Christmas.

Ha, doctor: is it in thy skill

To cure dead men as if but ill?

Doctor.

Being a doctor of great fame

Who from the ancient countries came,

And knowing Asia, Afric -ay,

And every mystery out that way,

I've learned to do the best of cures

For all the human frame endures.

I can restore a leg or arm

From mortification or more harm,

I can repair a sword-split pate,

A leg cut off - if not too late.

Yea, more; this little bottle of alicampane (touches bottle)

Will raise dead men to walk the earth again!

Father Christmas.

That is, forsooth, a strange refrain!

Try thy skill on these men slain.

Saint George.

I'll warrant he'll answer to my call;

(calls) Doctor! Master Bernard save them all!

(Enter Doctor slowly)

Master Christmas,

Ha, doctor: is it in thy skill

To cure dead men as it but lift?

Doctor.

Being a doctor of great fame

Who from the ancient countries came,

And knowing Asia, Africa -all,

And every mystery out that way,

I've learned to do the best of cures

For all the human frame endures.

I can restore a leg or arm

From mortification or more harm,

I can repair a sword-split pate,

A leg cut off - if not too late.

Yes, more; this little bottle of alicampane (touches bottle)

Will raise dead men to walk the earth again!

Master Christmas.

Try thy skill on these men slain.

Doctor.

A hundred quineas is my fee,

And nothing less I'll take of thee.

(Father Christmas starts astonished)

Saint George.

Such money I will freely give

If that thou makest these men to live.

(Doctor advancing to the fallen men)

I put a drop to each soldier's heart.

(He hold his bottle to the lips and to the heart of each,adding slowly)

Rise - Champions - and-all - play - your - part!

(They rise inch by inch,Father Christmas,Saint George,and the doctor singing a slow song or chant as they rise)

A lively song follows from the whole company.

(Exeunt omnes, Except Father Christmas.)

Father Christmas.

You needs will have confest

That our calling is the best,

But now we won't delay, lest tediousness befall,

And I wish you a Merry Christmas,and God bless you all!

(~~Exit Father Christmas~~)

Doctor.

A hundred guineas is my fee,

And nothing less I'll take of thee.

(Father Christmas starts astonished)

Saint George.

Such money I will freely give

If that thou makest these men to live.

(Doctor advancing to the Italian men)

I put a drop to each soldier's heart.

(Hold his bottle to the lips and to the heart of each,adding slowly)

Rise - Champions - and-all - play - your - part!

(They rise inch by inch,Father Christ then,Saint George,and the doctor singing a slow song or chant as they rise)

(A lively song follows from the whole company.

(Exeunt omnes, Except Father Christmas.)

Father Christmas.

You needs will have conflict

That our calling is the best,

But now we won't delay, lest tediousness befall,

And I wish you a Merry Christmas,and God bless you all!

(Exit Father Christmas)

After the play is over the Mummers are preparing to leave when stopped by Mrs Yeobright.

Mrs Yeobright. You'll stop and have a bite and a drop of supper before you go. I hope.

Father Crhistmas. Thank you ma'am, in the name of us all I accepts your kindness.

(They then sit down on left of stage to table drawn forward and drink etc is handed round. The Turkish Knight sits well down left of stage as far from guests as possible which attracts Clym's attention as he is helping to wait on them.)

Fairway. Well, they be as well up to it as ever they'll be. Not that such mumming would have passed in our time. What say you Humphrey, Eh ?

Humphrey. You're right there Timothy, but times be altering, nothings like it used to be.

Clym. (to Turkish Knight) You will have some refreshments. (Eustacia)

Eustacia. None, thank you.

Saracen. He's quite a youngster, and you must excuse him, he's not one of the old set, but have joined us because t'other couldn't come.

Clym. But he will take something ? (to Eustacia) Try a glass of Mead or Elder-wine.

Saracen. Yes, you had better try that, it will keep the cold out going home-along.

(Eustacia accepts glass of wine and sips it, as she does Clym watches her and finally enters into conversation.)

Clym. I have an odd opinion and should like to ask you a question. Are you a woman or am I wrong ?

Eustacia. I am a woman.

Clym. Do girls often play mummers now? They never used to.

Eustacia. They don't now.

Mrs Yeobright. You'll stop and have a bite and a drop of supper before you go. I hope.

Father Christmas. Thank you ma'am, in the name of us all I accepts your kindness.

Railway. Well, they be as well up to it as ever they'll be. Not that such mumming would have passed in out time. What say you Humphrey,Mn ?

Humphrey. You're right there Timothy,but times be altering, nothings like it used to be.

Clym. (to Turkish Knight) You will have some refreshments. (Eustacia)

Eustacia. None, thank you.

Saracen. He's quite a youngster, and you must excuse him, he's not one of the old set,but have joined us because t'other couldn't come.

Clym. But he will take something ? (to Eustacia) Try a glass of Mead of Mider-wine.

Saracen. Yes,you had better try that,it will keep the cold out going home-along.

(Eustacia accepts glass of wine and sips it,as she does Clym watches her and finally enters into conversation.)

Clym. I have an odd opinion and should like to ask you a question. Are you a woman or am I wrong ?

Eustacia. I am a woman.

Clym. Do girls often play mummers now? They never used to.

Eustacia. They don't now.

Clym. Then why did you ?

Eustacia. To get excitement and shake off depression.

Clym. What depressed you ?

Eustacia. Life.

Clym. That's a cause of depression a good many have to put up with.

Eustacia. Yes.

Clym (after a pause) And do you find excitement ?

Eustacia. At this moment, perhaps.

Clym. Then you are vexed at being discovered.

Eustacia. Yes : though I thought I might be.

Clym. I would gladly have asked you to our party had I known you wished to come. Have I ever been acquainted with you in my youth?

Eustacia. Never.

Clym. Won't you join us in the next dance, and stop as long as you like.

Eustacia. No thank you. I wish not to be further recognized.

Clym. Well, you are safe with me, I will not intrude upon you longer. It is a strange way of meeting, and I will not ask why I find a cultivated woman playing such a part as this.

Eustacia. It is my first performance, and it certainly will be my last.

(A movement is made amongst guests preparing for the next dance.)

Clym ~~(to Turkish Knight) Can't you reconsider your decision not to dance ? Come dance with me. (She impulsively assents~~. The mummers join in. The Fiddler tunes up. Partners take their places and Dance commences, after a couple of figures)

C U R T A I N.

Clym. Then why did you ?

Eustacia. To get excitement and shake off depression.

Clym. What depressed you ?

Eustacia. Life.

Clym. That's a cause of depression a good many have to put up with.

Eustacia. Yes.

Clym (after a pause) And do you find excitement ?

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Clym. Then you are vexed at being discovered.

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Eustacia. Never.

Clym. Won't you join us in the next dance,and stop as long as you like.

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Clym. Well, you are safe with me, I will not intrude upon you longer. It is a strange way of meeting,and I will not ask why I find a cultivated woman playing such a part as this.

Eustacia. It is my first performance,and it certainly will be my last.

(A movement is made amongst Eustacia preparing for the next dance.)

Clym (to Eustacia Reddy) Can't you reconsider your decision not to dote ? Come dance with me. (The remaining dancers join in. The fiddler tunes up. Partners take their places and Dance commences,after a couple of figures)

A C T III. Scene 1.

Scene:- Egdon Heath.

A C T III.

Three Scenes on Egdon Heath.

Clym's Courtship

and

Marriage.

ACT III.

Three Scenes on Edgbon Heath.

Clym's Courtship

and

Marriage.

A C T III. Scene 1.

Scene:- Egdon Heath.

Eustacia is walking on the Heath. Enter Digg Venn L 2nd E. They meet in centre of stage.

Digg.Venn. Good morning Miss, (taking off his cap of hare-skin)

Eustacia. Good morning,reddleman. I did not know you were so near. Is your van here too ?

Venn. Just over yonder.

Eustacia. You remain near this part ?

Venn. Yes, I have business here.

Eustacia. Not altogether the selling of reddle?

Venn. It has nothing to do with it.

Eustacia. It has to do with Miss Yeobright ?

Venn. Yes, miss, it is on account of her.

Eustacia. On account of your approaching marriage with her.?

Venn. Dpn't make sport of me Miss Vye.

Eustacia. It isné true then ?

Venn. Certainly not.

Eustacia. It was a mere notion of mine.

Venn. That was Mr Wildeve who passed down yonder a few minutes ago,miss.

Eustacia. Yes, I saw him coming up the hill. Why should you tell me that ?

Venn. I am glad to hear that you can ask it. And now I

A C T III. Scene I.

Scene:- Egdon Heath.

Eustacia is waiting on the Heath. Enter Diggory Venn & 2nd S. They meet in centre of stage.

Digg.Venn. Good morning Miss, (taking off his cap of hare-skin)

Eustacia. Good morning,reddleman. I did not know you were so near. Is your van here too ?

Venn. Just over yonder.

Eustacia. You remain near this part ?

Venn. Yes, I have business here.

Eustacia. Not altogether the selling of reddle?

Venn. It has nothing to do with it.

Eustacia. It has to do with Miss Yeobright ?

Venn. Yes, miss, it is on account of her.

Eustacia. On account of your approaching marriage with her.?

Venn. Don't make sport of me Miss Vye.

Eustacia. It rank true then ?

Venn. Certainly not.

Eustacia. It was a mere notion of mine.

Venn. That was Mr Wildeve who passed down yonder a few minutes ago,miss.

Eustacia. Yes, I saw him coming up the hill. Why should you tell me that ?

Venn. I am glad to hear that you can say it. And now I

think of it, it agrees with what I saw last night.

Eustacia. Ah - - what was that ?

Venn. Mr Wildeve stayed at Rainbarrow a long time for a lady who didn't come.

Eustacia. You waited too it seems ?

Venn. Yes, I always do. I was glad to see him disappointed. He will be there again tonight.

Eustacia. To be again disappointed. The truth is reddleman, that that lady, so far from wishing to stand in the way of Thomasin's marriage with Mr Wildeve, would be very glad to promote it.

Venn. Indeed, miss.

Eustacia. How do you know that Mr Wildeve will come to Rainbarrow again to-night ?

Venn. I heard him say to himself that he would. He's in a regular temper.

Eustacia. (anxiously) I wish I knew what to do. I don't want to be uncivil to him: but I don't wish to see him again; and I have some few things here to return to him and a note to that effect, that I wish sent to him.

Venn. If you choose to send 'em by me, miss, I'll take them for you quite privately.

Eustacia. Very well. (Giving him a small parcel and a note) But, why are you so ready to take these for me ?

Venn. Can you ask that ?

Eustacia. I suppose you think to serve Thomasin in some way be it. Are you as anxious as ever to help on her marriage ?

Venn. I would sooner have married her myself. But what I feel is that if she cannot be happy without him I will do my duty in helping her to get him, as

think of it, it agrees with what I saw last night.

Anastasia. Ah - - what was that ?

Venn. Mr Wildeve stayed at Rainbarrow a long time for a lady who didn't come.

Anastasia. You waited too it seems ?

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Venn. Can you ask that ?

Anastasia. I suppose you think to serve Thomasin in some way be it. Are you as anxious as ever to help on her marriage ?

Venn. I would sooner have married her myself. But what I feel is that if she cannot be happy without him I will do my duty in helping her to get him,as

a man ought.

Eustacia. (looks at him curiosly puzzled at his unselfishness) Then we are both of one mind at last.

Venn. Yes.(gloomily) But if you would tell me,miss, why you take such an interest in her,I should be easier ? It is so sudden and strange.

Eustacia. (coldly) I cannot tell you that reddleman.

(Venn pockets the letter etc.,and bows to Eustacia as she departs) (Venn stands in deep thought for a few seconds,on looking round he sees Wildeve returning and waits for him.)
Wildeve enters R.1st E,not seeing Venn,who walks up behind him and slaps him on the shoulder.Wildeve starts.

Venn. The meet8ng's generally at eight o'clock on Rainbarrow,but this will do,and here we are - we three.

Wildeve. We three (quickly looking round)

Venn. Yes: you and I,and she. This is she (giving him letter and parcel)

Wildeve. (taking them wonderingly) I don't quite see what this means. There must be some mistake.

Venn. It will be cleared from your mind when you have read the letter.

Wildeve. Who are you reddleman to speak to me so.?

Venn. Please read the letter.

Wildeve. (Murmurs) If you had come from the <u>other one</u> I shouldn't have been surprised. (Wildeve opens letter and reads letter aside, his face growing serious)

To Mr Wildeve.
After some thought I have decided once and for all that we must hold no further communication. The more I consider the matter the more ~~xxxxxxxx~~ I am convinced that there must be an end to our

a man ought.

Then we are both of one mind at last.

But if you would tell me,miss, why you take such an interest in her,I should be easier ?
It is so sudden and strange.

I cannot tell you that reddleman.

The meeting's generally at eight o'clock on Rainbarrow,but this will do,and here we are - we three.

We three

Yes: you and I,and she. This is she

I don't quite see what this means. There must be some mistake.

It will be cleared from your mind when you have read the letter.

Who are you reddleman to speak to me so.?

Please read the letter.

If you had come from the other one I shouldn't have been surprised.

To Mr Wildeve.
After some thought I have decided once and for all that we must hold no further communication.
The more I consider the matter the more
I am convinced that there must be an end to our

acquaintance. Had you been faithful to me these two years you might now have some ground for accusing me of heartlessness; but if you calmly consider what I bore during the period of your desertion, and how I passively put up with your courtship of another without once interfering, you will, I think, own that I have a right to consult my own feelings when you come back to me again. That these are not what they were towards you may, perhaps, be a fault in me, but it is one which you can scarcely reproach me for, when you remember how you left me for Thomasin.

The little articles you gave me in the early part of our friendship are returned by the bearer of this letter. They should rightly have been sent back when I first heard of your engagement to her.

Eustacia.

Wildeve. (pettishly) I am made a great fool of one way and another. Do you know what is in this letter ?

Venn. (Hummed a tune.)

Wildeve (warmly) Can't you answer me ?

Venn. Ru-um-tum-tum (sings the reddleman)

Wildeve. Ha-ha ! Well, I suppose I deserve it, considering how I have played with them both. (as much to himself as Venn) But the oddest thing is that you should so run counter to your own interests as to bring this to me.

Venn. My interests ?

Wildeve. Certainly. 'Twas your interest not to send me courting Thomasin again. Mrs Yeobright says you are to marry her. - - 'Tisn't true then ?

Venn. Good Lord ! I heard of this before, but didn't believe it. When did she say so ?

Wildeve. (began humming as reddleman had done)

Venn. I don't believe it now.

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three two years you might now have some ground
for accusing me of heartlessness; but if you
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Wildeve. (pettishly) I am made a great fool of one way
and another. Do you know what is in this
letter ?

Venn. (Hummed a tune.)

Wildeve (warmly) Can't you answer me ?

Venn. Hu-um-tum-tum (sings the recitative)

Wildeve. Ha-ha ! Well, I suppose I deserve it, considering
how I have played with them both.(as much to
himself as Venn) But the oddest thing is that
you should so turn counter to your own interests
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courting Thomasin again. Mrs Yeobright says
you are to marry her. - - 'Tisn't true then ?

Venn. Good Lord ! I heard of this before.but didn't
believe it. When did she say so ?

Wildeve. (began humming as recitative had one)

Venn. I don't believe it now.

Wildeve. Ru-um-tum-tum.

Venn. (contemptously) O Lord - how we can imitate ! I'll have this out. I'll go straight to her. (Venn exits L 2nd E.with emphatic step. Wildeve passing his eye over him and watching him until out of sight)

Wildeve. (Talking to himself and walking up and down) To lose the two women - after having been the well-beloved of both. Oh, its too ironical to be endured. I can only decently save myself by Thomasin; and once her husband,Eustacia's repentance will set in for a long and bitter term. I'll go and claim her. Ah ! Ah ! Mr Reddleman you'll have to be mighty quick to be there first.
(Wildeve exits hurriedly after Venn L. 1st E.)

(CURTAIN will drop for about half a minute to denote passage of time.) (Will rice again on same scene a few weeks later.)

Wildeve. Rum-tum-tum-tum.

Venn. (contemptuously) O Lord,- now we can imitate !
I'll have this out. I'll go straight to her.
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on same scene a few weeks later.)

A C T III. Scene II.

Clym standing up stage as if waiting for someone, Eustacia enters R. Clym advances and takes her in his arms and kisses her.

Clym. My Eustacia. !

Eustacia. Clym, dearest !

(They remain embracing for a slight pause. Then Eustacia withdraws a little from him)

Clym. I began to wonder why you did not come.

Eustacia. Has it seemed long since you last saw me ?

Clym. It has seemed sad.

Eustacia. And not long. That's because you occupy yourself. To me, who can do nothing, it has been like living under stagnant water.

Clym. I would rather bear tediousness, dear, than have time made short by the means that mine has been shortened.

Eustacia. Wh way is that ? You have been thinking you wished you did notlove me.

Clym. How can a man wish that, and yet love on ? No Eustacia.

Eustacia. Men can, women cannot.

Clym. Well, I do love you - past all compass and description. I love you to oppressiveness - I, who have never before felt more than a pleasant passing fancy for any woman I have ever seen. Let me look right in your face. amd dwell on every line and curve in it ! One touch on that mouth again ! There, and there, and there. (kissing her) Your eyes seem heavy, Eustacia.

Eustacia. No, it is my general way of looking. I think it arises from my feeling such an agonising pity for myself that I was ever born. (They set on bank near C.)

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Eustacia. No, it is my General way of looking. I think it arises from my feeling such agonizing pity for myself that I was ever born. (They sit on bank near C.)

Clym. You don't feel it now ?

Eustacia. No. Yet I know that we shall not love like this always, and so I feel full of fears.

Clym. You need not.

Eustacia. Ah, you don't know. You have seen more of the world than I, amd yet I am older at this than you. I loved another man once, and now I love you.

Clym. In God's mercy don't talk so Eustacia!

Eustacia. But I do not think I shall be the one ~~xxxixxx~~ who wearies first. I fear it will end in this way: Your Mother, she, will influence you against me !

Clym. That can never be. She knows of these meetings already.

Eustacia. And she speaks against me.?

Clym. I will not say.

Eustacia. There, go away ! Obey her. I shall ruin you. Kiss me, and go away for ever. For ever - do you hear ? - for ever.

Clym Not I.

Eustacia. Many a man's love has been a curse to him.

Clym. You are desperate, full of fancies, and wilful: and you misunderstand. I have another reason for seeing you today besides love of you. I feel that our present mode of existance cannot last.

Eustacia. Oh! 'tis your Mother. Yes that's it! I knew it.

Clym. Never mind what it is. Believe this, I cannot let myself lose you. There is only one cure for this anxiety, dearest - you must be my wife.

Eustacia. (starts, she endeavours to say calmly)"Cynics say that cures the anxiety by curing the love"

Clym. But you must answer me, when shall I claim you - at once ?

Clym. You don't feel it now ?

Eustacia. No. Yet I know that we shall not love like this always,and so I feel full of fears.

Clym. You need not.

Eustacia. Ah, you don't know. You have seen more of the world than I,and yet I am older at this than you. I loved another man once,and now I love you.

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Clym. Never mind what it is. Believe this, I cannot let myself lose you. There is only one cure for this anxiety, dearest - you must be my wife.

Eustacia. (starts,she endeavours to say calmly)"Clym:is any that cures the anxiety by curing the love?

Clym. But you must answer me,when shall I claim you - at once ?

Eustacia. I must think. At present speak of Paris to me. Is there any place like it on earth?

Clym. It is very beautiful. But will you be mine ?

Eustacia. I will be nobody else's in the world - (evasively) Now tell me of the Tuilleries, and the Louvre.

Clym. I hate talking of Paris! Well, I remember some sunny room in the Louvre which would make a fitting place for you to live in, when the sun is bright, the whole apartment is in a perfect blaze of splendour - --- But now, about our marriage - -

Eustacia. And Versailles - The King's Gallery is some such gorgeous room is it not ?

Clym. Yes, But what's the use of talking of gorgeous rooms ?

Eustacia. When used you to go to these places ?

Clym. On Sundays.

Eustacia. Ah, yes. I dislike English Sundays. How I should chime in with their manners over there ! Dear Clym, you'll go back again ?

Clym. (shakes his head and looks away)

Eustacia. (tenderly, placing her head near his breast) If you'll go back again I'll - - be something. If you'll agree I'll give my promise, without making you wait a minute longer.

Clym. How extraordinary that you and my mother should be of one mind about this! I have vowed not to go back, Eustacia. It is not the place I dislike; it is the occupation.

Eustacia. But you can go in some other capacity.

Clym. No. Don't press that Eustacia. Will you marry me ?

Eustacia. I cannot tell.

Clym. Now - never mind Paris; it is not better than other spots. Promise, sweet !

Anastasia. I must think. At present speak of Paris to me. Is there any place like it on earth?

Clym. It is very beautiful. But will you be mine ?

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Clym. Yes, But what's the use of talking of gorgeous rooms ?

Anastasia. When need you to go to these places ?

Clym. On Sundays.

Anastasia. Ah, yes. I dislike English Sundays. How I should on chime in with their manners over there ! Dear Clym, you'll go back again ?

Clym. (smokes his head and looks away)

Anastasia. (tenderly,placing her head near his breast) If you'll go back I'll give my promise,without making you wait a minute longer.

Clym. How extraordinary that you and my mother should be of one mind about this! I have vowed not to go back,Anastasia. It is not the place I dislike; it is the occupation.

Anastasia. But you can go in some other capacity.

Clym. No. Don't press that Anastasia. Will you marry me ?

Anastasia. I cannot tell.

Clym. Now - never mind Paris: it is not better than other spots. Promise, sweet !

Eustacia. You will never adhere to your education plan, I am quite sure; and then it will be alright for me;and so I promise to be yours for ever and ever.

(Clym gently draws her face towards him and kisses her)

Eustacia. Ah! but you don't know what you have got in me. Sometimes I think there is not that in Eustacia Vye which will make a good homespun wife.

Clym. You are too mournful.

Eustacia. No, only I dread to think of anything beyond the present. What is, we know. But, don't mistake me Clym: though I should like you to take me to Paris, I love you for yourself alone. To be your wife and live in Paris would be heaven to me: but I would rather live with you in a hermitage here than not be yours at all. There's my too candid confession. But your Mother,will never look on me with favour.

Clym. We must hope she will alter her opinion in time. (rather doubtfully)

Eustacia. (looking tenderly into his face) Poor Clym! that thought makes you sad, I am sure something unpleasant has happened at your home,and all through me.

Clym. But, darling, what shall we do ?

Eustacia. Still go on as we do now - just live on from meeting to meeting,never minding another day. You, I know, are always thinking of that.

Clym. But listen,Eustacia. Our present mode of life must shortly be brought to an end.

Eustacia. Yes no doubt, but it is your Mother !

Clym. It is. I love you none the less in telling you: it is only right you should know.

Eustacia. I have feared my bliss. It has been too intense and consuming.

Clym. There is hope yet, but it is getting late,see the sun is resting on the horizon.

Eustacia. You will never adhere to your education plan, I am quite sure; and then it will be alright for me; and so I promise to be yours for ever and ever.

(Clym gently draws her face towards him and kisses her.)

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Clym. It is. I love you none the less in telling you: it is only right you should know.

Eustacia. I have feared my plans. It has been too intense and consuming.

Clym. There is hope yet, but it is getting late,see the sun is resting on the horizon.

(They rise.)

Eustacia. Oh, this leaving you is too hard to bear ! (in sudden whisper of anguish) Your Mother will influence you too much; I shall not be judged fairly, it will be said I'm not a good girl.

Clym. Nobody dares to speak disrespectfully of you to me.

Eustacia. Oh how I wish I was sure of never losing you - that you could not be able to desert me anyhow !

(Clym stands silent for a moment and then gives way to his passionate feelings and folding her in his arms)

Clym. You shall be sure of me darling. We will be married at once.

Eustacia. Oh Clym !

Clym. Do you agree to it?

Eustacia. If - if we can.

Clym. We certainly can, both being of full age,and I have not followed my occupation all these years without having accumulated money:and if you will agree to live in a tiny cottage that I know of, here on the heath,until I take a house in Budmouth for the school,we can do it at a very little expense.

Eustacia. How long shall we have to live in the tiny cottage, Clym?

Clym. About six months. At the end of that time I shall have finished my reading - Yes, we will do it,and this heart-aching will be over. Would your Grandfather allow you ?

Eustacia. I think he would - on the understanding that it should not last longer than six months.

Clym. I will guarantee that if no misfortune happens.

Eustacia. (slowly) If no misfortune happens.

(They rise.)

Anastacia. Oh! this leaving you is too hard to bear ! (in sudden whisper of anguish) Your Mother will influence you too much; I shall not be judged fairly. It will be said I'm not a good girl.

Clym. Nobody dares to speak disrespectfully of you to me.

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Clym. I will guarantee that it no misfortune happens.

Anastacia. (slowly) If no misfortune happens.

Clym. Which is not likely. Now dearest, fix the exact day.

Eustacia. Well, a fortnight today, the 25th.

Clym. Dearest, I am content, and now good-bye for the present.

(They have another embrace etc., and part, Eustacia exits R. Clym watches her depart)

C U R T A I N.

Clym. Which is not likely. Now dearest, fix the exact day.

Eustacia. Well, a fortnight today, the 25th.

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(They have another embrace etc., and part. Eustacia exits R. Clym watches her depart)

C U R T A I N.

A C T III. Scene III.

Scene. Egdon Heath near Clym Yeobright's Cottage.

(Mrs Yeobright enters hastily L and much exhausted stumbles and pauses talking to herself)

Mrs Yeo. (murmuring) 'Tis too much - Clym, how can he bear to do it! He is at home; for I saw his hook and brambles at the door where he dropped them before entering, and yet, he lets her shut the door against me!

(Johnny Nonsuch enters L following her and as Mrs Yeobright sinks down hovers round her)

Mrs Yeo. (speaking to him as one in a mesmeric sleep) 'Tis a long way home, my child, and we shall not get there till evening.

Johnny. I shall, I am going to play marnels afore supper, and we go to supper at six o'clock, because father comes home. Does your father come home at six too?

Mrs Yeo. No: he never comes; nor my son either, nor anybody.

Johnny. What have made you so down? Have you seen a ooser?

Mrs Yeo. I have seen what's worse - a woman's face looking at me through a window-pane.

Johnny. Is that a bad sight ?

Mrs Yeo. Yes. It is always a bad sight to see a woman looking out at a weary wayfarer and not letting her in.

Johnny. Once I seed myself in Throope Great Pond looking up at myself and I was frightened.

Mrs Yeobright. If they had only shown signs of meeting my advances half-way how well it might have been done! But there is no chance. Shut out ! She must have set him against me. Can there be beautiful bodies without hearts inside? I think so. I would not have doen

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it against a neighbour's cat on such a fiery day as this!

Johnny. What is it you say ?

Mrs Yeo. Never again - never ! Not even if they send for me!

Johnny. You must be a curious woman to talk like that.

Mrs Yeo. Oh no,not at all. Most people who grow up and have children talk as I do. When you grow up your mother will talk as I do too.

Johnny. I hope she won't,because 'tis very bad to talk nonsence.

Mrs Yeo. Yes,child; it is nonsence,I suppose. Are you not nearly spent with the heat?

Johnny. Yes, But not so much as you be.

Mrs Yeo. How do you know ?

Johnny. Your face is white and wet,and your head is hanging-down-like.

Mrs Yeo. Ah! I am exhausted from inside.

Johnny. Why do you,every time you take a step,go like this? (Johnny imitates her jerk and limp)

Mrs Yeo. Becuase I have a burden which is more than I can bear. I must sit down here to rest.

Johnny. (watching her closely) How funny you draw your breath - like a lamb when you drive him till he's nearly done for. Do you always draw your breath like that ?

Mrs Yeo. (faintly) Not always.

Johnny. You will go to sleep there, I suppose, won't you? You have shut your eyes already.

Mrs Yeo. No. I shall not sleep much till - another day,and then I hope to have a long,long one - very long. Now can you tell me if Bottom Pond is dry this summer?

Johnny. Bottom Pond is, but Moreford Pool is'nt because he

it against a neighbour's cat on such a fiery day as this!

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Mrs Yeo. (testily) Not always.

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Mrs Yeo. No. I shall not sleep much till - another day,and then I hope to have a long,long one - very long. How can you tell me if Bottom Pond is dry this summer?

Johnny. Bottom Pond is, but Moreford Pool is'nt because he

is deep,and is never dry -'Tis just over there.

Mrs Yeo. Is the water clear ?

Johnny. Yes, middling - except where the heath-croppers walk into it.

Mrs Yeo. Then, take this (giving him a cup) and go as fast as you can,and dip me up the clearest you can find. I am very faint (Johnny exits R.) I hope he will not break it as it's one of half-a-dozen saved from my childhood I was taling as a small present to Clym and Eustacia.

(Johnny returns with water R,which she attempts to drink,but finds it warm,she throws it away,afterwards sitting still,with her eyes closed)

Johnny (who has been waiting) I like going on better than biding still. Will you start again soon ?

Mrs Yeo. I don't know.

Johnny. I wish I might go on by myself. Do you want me any more please ?

Mrs Yeo. (makes no reply)

Johnny. What shall I tell Mother ?

Mrs Yeo. Tell her you have seen a broken-hearted woman cast o ff by her son.

(Johnny after looking at her wistfully goes on his way R.)

Mrs Yeobright breathes heavily between a breathing and a moan.

Enter L Clym is passing across the heath,hears the moan and turns out of his way to see who is in distress.not actually seeing who it was,until stooping over her,he sees his Mother's pallid face,with closed eyes. His breath went and with a cry of anguish and bending lower,he finds her still feebly breathing, disturbed by an occasional gasp.

Clym. Oh, what is it! Mother are you very ill - you are not dying ? (pressing his lips to her face)

Mrs Leo. Then, take this (giving him a cup) and go as fast as you can, and dip me up the clearest you can find. I am very faint (Johnny exits R.) I hope he will not break it as it's one of half-a-dozen saved from my childhood I was taking as a small present to Clym and Eustacia.

(Johnny returns with water R, which she attempts to drink, but finds it warm, she throws it away, afterwards sitting still, with her eyes closed)

Johnny (who has been waiting) I like going on better than biding still. Will you start again soon ?

Mrs Leo. I don't know.

Johnny. I wish I might go on by myself. Do you want me any more please ?

Mrs Leo. (makes no reply)

Johnny. What shall I tell Mother ?

Mrs Leo. Tell her you have seen a broken-hearted woman cast o ff by her son.

(Johnny after looking at her wistfully goes on his way.)

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Clym. Oh, what is it! Mother are you very ill - you are not dying ? (pressing his lips to her face)

I am your Clym. How did you come here ?
Whay does it all mean ?

Mrs Yeo. (Moves her lips, appears to know him, but cannot speak. Clym clasps his arms around her, lifting her a little)

Clym. Does that hurt you ?

Mrs Yeo. (Shakes her head)

Clym with a great effort lifts her up and is about to try to move on at a slow pace towards R.

C U R T A I N.

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C U R T A I N.

A C T IV.

Two Scenes, on Egdon Heath and

One Scene. Kitchen of "Quiet Woman Inn".

Clym's Married Life

and

Tragic Ending.

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Clym's Married Life

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S C E N E 1.

On Hearth near Clym's Cottage. Eustacia in the garden in front of cottage (time early morning)

Enter Clym from R. His face is ashy, haggard, and terrible, Eustacia looks at him speechless.

Clym. You know what is the matter, I see it in your face.

(Eustacia makes no reply)

Clym. (peremptorily) Speak to me.

Eustacia. Yes, Clym, I'll speak to you. Why did you return so early ? Can I do anything for you ?

Clym. Yes, you can listen to me. It seems that my wife is not well?

Eustacia. Why ?

Clym. Your face, my dear; your face; Or perhaps it is the morning light which takes your colour away? Now I am going to reveal a secret to you. Ha-ha!

Eustacia. Oh, that is ghastly!

Clym. What?

Eustacia. Your laugh.

Clym. There's reason for ghastliness. Eustacia: you have held my happiness in the hollow of your hand, and like a devil you have dashed it down!

Eustacia. (starts back) Ah! you think to frighten me. (with a slight laugh) Is it worth while ? I am alone.

Clym. How extraordinary!

Eustacia. What do you mean?

Clym. I mean that it is extraordinary that you should be alone in my absence. Tell me now, where is he who was with you on the afternoon of the thirty-first of

S C E N E I.

On Heath near Clym's Cottage. Eustacia in the garden in front of cottage (time early morning.)

Enter Clym from R. His face is hard, haggard, and terrible. Eustacia looks at him speechless.

Clym. You know what is the matter, I see it in your face.

(Eustacia makes no reply)

Clym. (pacing wildly) Speak to me.

Eustacia. Yes, Clym, I'll speak to you. Why did you return so early ? Can I do anything for you ?

Clym. Yes, you can listen to me. It seems that my wife is not well?

Eustacia. Why ?

Clym. Your face,my dear;your face; Or perhaps it is sheepish morning light which takes your colour away? Now I am going to reveal a secret to you. Ha-ha!

Eustacia. Oh, that is ghastly!

Clym. What?

Eustacia. Your laugh.

Clym. There's reason for ghastliness. Eustacia: you have held my happiness in the hollow of your hand,and like a devil you have dashed it down!

Eustacia. (starts back) Ah! you think to frighten me. (with a slight laugh) Is it worth while ? I am alone.

Clym. How extraordinary!

Eustacia. What do you mean?

Clym. I mean that it is extraordinary that you should be alone in my absence. Tell me now, where is he who was with you on the afternoon of the thirty-first of

August? In the house? Under the bed? Up the chimney?

Eustacia. (a shudder overcomes her) I do not remember dates so exactly. I cannot recollect that anybody was with me besides yourself.

Clym. (his voice growing louder and harsher) The day I mean, was the day you shut the door against my Mother and killed her. O it is too much - too bad! (he leans against the garden railings with his back towards her, then turning and rushing up to her seizing her sleeve) Tell me, tell me! tell me - do you hear.

Eustacia. (in a low voice and a proud smile) What are you going to do? You will not alarm me by holding on so: but it would be a pity to tear my sleeve.

Clym. (draws her closer to him) Tell me the particulars of - - my mother's death,(in a hard panting whisper) or I'll - I'll - - -

Eustacia. (slowly) Clym, do you think you dare to do anything to me that I dare not bare? But perhaps you do not wish me to speak - killing may be all you mean.

Clym. Kill you! Do you expect it !

Eustacia. I do. No less degree of rage against me will match your previous grief for her.

Clym. Phew - - I shall not kill you(contemptuously) I did think of it: but - I shall not. That would be making a martyr of you, and sending you to where she is: and I would keep you away from her till the universe come to an end, if I could.

Eustacia. I almost wish you would kill me,(with gloomy bitterness) It is with no strong desire, I assure you, that I play the part I have lately played on earth. You are no blessing my husband.

Clym. You shut the door - you looked out of the window upon her - you had a man in the house with you - you sent her away to die. The inhumanity - the treachery - I will not touch you - stand away from me - and confess every word !

Eustacia. Never! I'll hold my tongue like the very death that

Anguish. In the house? Under the body. Up the chimney?

Dorcas. (a shudder overcomes her) I do not remember dates so exactly. I cannot recollect that anybody was with me besides yourself.

Clym. (the voice growing louder and harsher) The day I mean, was the day you shut the door against my Mother and killed her. O it is too much - too mad! (he leans against the garden railing with his face towards her, then turning and running up to her seizing her sleeve) Tell me, tell me! tell me - do you hear.

Eustacia. (in a low voice and a proud spite) What are you going to do? You will not alarm me by holding on so: but it would be a pity to tear my sleeve.

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Clym. I don't mind meeting, even though I can clear myself of half you believe by speaking. Yes, I will! Who with any dignity would take the trouble to clear cobwebs from a wild man's mind after such language as this, I have other cares.

Clym. Tis too much - but I must spare you.

Eustacia. Poor charity.

Clym. By my wretched soul you sting me, Eustacia! I can keep it up, and hotly too. Now then madam tell me his name!

Eustacia. Never. I am resolved.

Clym. How often does he write to you? When does he meet you ? Do you tell me his name?

Eustacia. I do not.

Clym. (producing and holding up an old envelope) Can you read, Madam? Look at this envelope, doubtless I shall find some more soon, and what was inside them. I shall no doubt be gratified by learning in good time what a well-finished and full-blown adept in a certain trade my lady is.

Eustacia. (gasping) Do you say it to me - do you?

Clym. What was in this letter?

Eustacia. Ask the writer. Am I your hound that you should talk to me in this way?

Clym. Do you brave me? Don't look at me with those eyes as if you would bewitch me again! Sooner than that I die, you refuse to answer?

Eustacia. I wouldn't tell you after ~~this~~ this, if I were as innocent as the sweetest babe in heaven.

Clym. Which you are not.

Eustacia. Certainly I am not absolutely, I have not done what you suppose. But I require no help from your conscience.

I don't mind meeting, even though I can clear myself of half you believe by speaking. Yes, I will! Who with any dignity would take the trouble to clear oobwebs from a wild man's mind after such language as this, I have other cares.

Clym. 'Tis too much - but I must spare you.

Eustacia. Poor Charley.

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Eustacia. Certainly I am not absolutely, I have not done what you suppose. But I require no help from your conference.

Clym. Instead of hating you I could, I think, mourn for and pity you, if you were contrite, and would confess all. Forgive you I never can. I don't speak of your lover - for it only affects me personally. But the other: had you half-killed me, had it been that you wilfully took the sight away from these feeble eyes of mine, I could have forgiven you. But that's too much for nature!

Eustacia. Say no more. I will do without your pity. But I would have saved you from uttering what you will regret

Clym. I am going away now. I shall leave you.

Eustacia. You need not go, as I am going myself. You will keep just as far away from me by staying here.

Clym. Call her to mind - think of her - what goodness was in her: in showed in every line of her face! She was angered quickly but she forgave just as readily: What cared you? You hated her just as she was beginning to love you. O, you must bring a curse upon me, and agony and death upon her, by doing that cruel deed! Lost your voice, have you? Eustacia, didn't any tender thought of your own mother lead you to think of being gentle to mine at such a time of weariness? Well, she's asleep now: and have you a hundred gallants neither they nor you can insult her any more.

Eustacia. (in a faint weary voice) You exaggerate fearfully, but I cannot enter into my defence - it is not worth doing. You are nothing to me in the future. I have lost all through you, but I have not complained. Is this your cherishing - to put me into a hut like this, and keep me like the wife of a hind? You deceived me. But the place will serve as well as nay other - as somewhere to pass from - into my grave.

Clym. I don't know what you mean by that. Am I the cause of your sin? (she makes a trembling motion towards him) What, can you begin to shed tears and offer me your hand? Good God! can you? No, not I. I'll not commit the fault of taking that. (her hand drops nervelessly) Well, yes, I'll take it, if only for the sake of my own foolish kisses that were wasted there before I knew what I cherished. How bewitched I was! How could there be any good in a woman that everybody spoke ill of?

CLYM. Instead of hating you I could, I think, mourn for and pity you, if you were contrite, and would confess all. Forgive you I never can. I don't speak of your lover - for it only affects me personally. But the other: had you not self-killed me, had it been that you wilfully took the sight away from those feeble eyes of mine, I could have forgiven you. But that's too much for nature!

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CLYM. I don't know what you mean by that. Am I the cause of your pity? (She makes a trembling motion towards him) What, can you begin to shed tears and offer me your hand? Good God! can you? No, not I. I'll not commit the fault of taking that. (Her hand drops nervelessly) Well, yes, I'll take it, if only for the sake of my own foolish kindness that were wasted there before I knew what I cherished. How bewitched I was! How could there be any good in a woman that everybody spoke ill of?

Eustacia. (breaking down and shaking with sobs, she sinks on her knees) O, O, O! - - -O, will you have done! O, you are too relentless - there's a limit to the cruelty of savages! I have held out long - but you crush me down. I beg for mercy - I cannot bear this any longer! If I had - killed your - mother with my own hand - I should not deserve such a scurging to the bone as this. O, O! God have mercy on a miserable woman! - - - You have beaten me in this game - I beg you to stay your hand in pity! I confess that I - did not undo the door the first time she knocked - but - I - should have unfastened it the second - if I had not thought you had gone to do it yourself. When I found you had nèt, I opened it, but she was gone. That's the extent of my crime - towards her. Now I will leave you - for ever and ever!

Clym. You need not go: I will go. You stay here.

Eustacia. No, I will get my bonnet and shawl, and then I will go.

Clym. Where?

Eustacia. Where I came from, or elsewhere.

(Exit into cottage leaving Clym standing watching her go)

C U R T A I N.

Scene 2.

On the Heath near Rainbarrows. Wildeve and Eustacia meet.

Eustacia. It was not my signal, I did not light it, Charley lit the bonfire in the hope of giving me pleasure, without my knowledge. Don't, don't come near me!

Wildeve. Why have you been living here away from your husband without telling me? I fear I am something to blame in this ?

Eustacia. I did not let in his mother: that's how it is!

Wildeve. You do not deserve what you have got, Eustacia: you are in great misery; I can see. My poor, poor girl! (coming nearer) You are beyond everything unhappy!

Eustacia. No, no; not exactly - -

Wildeve. It has been pushed too far - it is killing you. I do think it!

Eustacia. (her breathing growing quicker with his wrds) I - I - (she begins and then bursts into quivering sobs. As she recovers herself) Are you not ashamed of me, who never used to be a crying animal? (she asks in a weak voice as she wipes her eyes) Why didn't you go away? I wish you had not seen quite all that: it reveals to much by half.

Wildeve. You might have wished it, because it makes me as sad as you (said with emotion and deference) As to revealing - the word is impossible between <u>us two</u>.

Eustacia. I <u>did not send for you</u> - <u>dont forget that, Damon</u>; I am in pain, but I did <u>not</u> send for ~~you!~~ As a wife, at least, I've been straight.

Wildeve. Never mind - I came. O Eustacia, forgive me for the harm I have done you in these past two years! I see more and more that I have been your ruin.

Eustacia. Not you. This place I live in.

Scene 2.

On the Heath near Rainbarrows. Wildeve and Eustacia meet.

Eustacia. It was not my signal, I did not light it, Charley lit the bonfire in the hope of giving me pleasure, without my knowledge. Don't, don't come near me!

Wildeve. Why have you been living here away from your husband without telling me? I fear I am something to blame in this ?

Eustacia. I did not let in his mother: that's how it is!

Wildeve. You do not deserve what you have got,Eustacia: you are in great misery; I can see. My poor,poor girl! (coming nearer) You are beyond everything unhappy!

Eustacia. No, no; not exactly - -

Wildeve. It has been pushed too far - it is killing you. I do think it!

Eustacia. (her breathing growing quicker with his words) I - I - (she begins and then bursts into quivering sobs. As she recovers herself) Are you not ashamed of me,who never used to be a crying animal? (she sobs in a weak voice as she wipes her eyes) Why didn't you go away? I wish you had not seen quite all that: it reveals to much by half.

Wildeve. You might have wished it,because it makes me as sad as you (said with emotion and deference) As to revealing - the word is impossible between us two.

Eustacia. I did not send for you - dont forget that,Damon; I am in pain, but I did not send for you. As a wife, at least,I've been straight.

Wildeve. Never mind - I came. O Eustacia, forgive me for the harm I have done you in these past two years! I see more and more that I have been your ruin.

Eustacia. Not you. This place I live in.

Wildeve. Ah, your generosity makes you say that. But I am the culprit. I should have done more or nothing at all.

Eustacia. In what way?

Wildeve. I ought never to have hunted you out: or having done it, I ought never to have persisted in retaining you. But of course I have no right to talk of that now. I will only ask this: can I do anything for you to make you happier than you are at present? If there is, I will do it. You may command me, Eustacia, and don't forget that I am richer now. Do you want to go anywhere? Do you want to escape the place altogether? Only say it, and I'll do anything to put an end to those tears, which but for me would never have been at all.

Eustacia. We are each married to another person, and assistance from you would have an evil sound - after - after

Wildeve. Well, there's no preventing slanderers from having their fill at any time. But whatever I may feel I promise you on my word of honour never to speak to you about - or act upon - until you say I may. I know my duty to wife Thomasin quite as well as I know my duty to you as a woman unfairly treated. What shall I assist you in ?

Eustacia. Well then - In getting away from here.

Wildeve. Where do you wish to go to?

Eustacia. I have a place in my mind. If you could help me as far as Budmouth I can do all the rest. Steamers sail from there across the Channel, and so I can get to Paris, where I want to be. Yes, (pleading earnestly) help me to get to Budmouth harbour without my Grandfather's or my Husband's knowledge, and I can do all the rest.

Wildeve. Will it be safe to leave you there alone?

Eustacia. Yes, Yes. I know Budmouth well.

Wildeve. Shall I go with you? I am rich now.

Eustacia. (remains silent)

Wildeve. Well, let me know when you wish to go. You can command me in anything.

Eustacia. (hurriedly) I will think of this. Whether I can honestly make use of you as a friend, or - - that is what I must ask myself. If I wish to go and decide to make use of you I will signal to you some evening at eight o'clock punctually. You must be ready with a horse and trap at twelve o'clock the same night to drive me to Budmouth harbour in time for the morning boat.

Wildeve. I will look out every night at eight, and no signal shall escape me.

Eustacia. Now please go away. If I decide on this escape I can only meet you once more, unless - - - go - I cannot bear it any ponger. Go - - go!

(Wildeve slowly leaves her and exits L. As soon as she is alone, one of her despondent fits overtakes her, and she sinks to the ground sobbing and moaning and then between her sobs she begins to soliloquize aloud)

Eustacia. Can I go, can I go? He's not great enough for me to give myself to - - - If he had been a Saul or a Bonaparte - - ah! But to break my marriage vow for him - - it is too poor a luxury!..... And I have no money to go alone! And if I could what comfort to me? I must drag on this next year, as I have dragged on this year, and the year after that as before. How I have tried and tried to be a splendid woman, and how destiny has been against me! ,,,,,, I do not deserve my lot! (in a frenzy of bitter revolt) O, the cruelty of putting me into this illconceived world! I was capable of much; but I have been injured and blighted and crushed by things beyond my control! O, how hard it is of Heaven to deivise such tortures for me, who have done no harm to Heaven at all!

Eustacia falls prostrate on the ground as

C U R T A IN falls.

And is there no escape for me!
Ah! Yes! there is one! one only,
through the door of death!
The door of death! The door of death!!!
(picking up branch of furze) My last
signal to him! All others were kindled
in love of life, ... but this, (she lifts
furze & hold it over her head) but this:.....
when this fire is quenched, so shall
my misery be in the depths of
Shadwater Weir!!

— Curtain —

Anastasia. (remains silent)

Wildeve. Well, let me know when you wish to go. You can command me in anything.

Anastasia. (hurriedly) I will think of this. Whether I can honestly make use of you as a friend, or - - that is what I must ask myself. If I wish to go and decide to make use of you I will signal to you some evening at eight o'clock punctually. You must be ready with a horse and trap at twelve o'clock the same night to drive me to Budmouth Harbour in time for the morning boat.

Wildeve. I will look out every night at eight, and no signal shall escape me.

Anastasia. Now please go away. If I decide on this escape I can only meet you once more, unless - - - go - I cannot bear it any longer. Go - - go!

(Wildeve slowly leaves her and exits L. As soon as he is gone, one of her despondent fits overtakes her, and she sinks to the ground sobbing and moaning and then between her sobs she begins to soliloquize aloud)

Anastasia. Can I go, can I go? He's not great enough for me to give myself to - - - If he had been a Saul or a Bonaparte - - and! But to break my marriage vow for him, - - it is too poor a luxury!..... And I have no money to go alone! And if I could what comfort to me I must drag on next year, as I have dragged on the year, and the year after that as before. How I have tried and tried to be a splendid woman, and how dearly has been against me! ..... I do not deserve my lot! (in a frenzy of bitter revolt) O, the cruelty of putting me into this ill-conceived world! I was capable of much; but I have been injured and blighted and crushed by things beyond my control! O, how hard it is of Heaven to deprive such tortures for me, who have done no harm to Heaven at all!

Anastasia falls prostrate on the ground as

CURTAIN falls.

SCENE III.

Kitchen of the "Quiet Woman Inn" with chimney corner and bright fire on hearth, with fire-dogs etc.,
Olly Dowden and another woman bustling about tidying up room.
Enter Diggory Venn.

Venn. (in a quiet voice) Well, how is it going on now?

Olly. Mr Clym is better; Mrs Clym and Mr Wildeve are dead and cold. The Doctor says they were quite gone before they were out of the water.

Venn. Ah! I thought as much when I hauled 'em out. And Mrs Wildeve?

Olly. She is as well as can be expected. The Doctor had her put between blankets for she was almost as wet as they that had been in the river, poor young thing. You don't seem very dry reddleman?

Venn. O! 'tis not much. I have changed my things. This is only a little dampness I've got coming through the rain again.

Olly. Stand by the fire and dry yourself. Mis'ess says you be to have whatever you want, and she was sorry when she was told you'd gone away.

Venn. (draws near the fire, and in an absent mood begins talking to himself as the women leave the room on some errand) Two are corpses, one have barely escaped the jaws of death, another sick and a widow, what a house of trouble! Ah! and on the last occasion I was by this fire, Wildeve was alive and well; Thomasin active and smiling in the next room; Clym and Eustacia just made husband and wife, and Mrs Yeobright living at Bloom's-End and now three of them are dead and gone. Ah, well such is life - and Death.

(one of the women come in, takes some string from table which she strains across fireplace from dog to dog and unrolling some wet papers she begins pining them on one by one to dry by fire)

Venn. What be they?

SCENE III.

Venn. What be they?

Olly. Poor Mr Wildeve's bank notes. They were found in his pocket when they undressed him.

Venn. Then he was not coming back again for some time?

Olly. That we shall never know now.

(a gentle knock on the door. Enter Charley)

Charley. Please Captn Vye has sent me to enquire if anything has been heard of Miss Eustacia. Mrs Yeobright I mean.

Olly. (looks at Venn and say to him) Will you tell him please. (exit)

Venn. She's dead, drowned in Shadwater Weir and so is Mr Wildeve who tried to save her.

Charley. (gives utterance to a feeble indistinct sound and stands dumbfounded and then bursts out spasmodically) I shall see her once more?

Venn. I dare say you may see her. But hadn't you better run and tell Capt. Vye?

Charley. Yes, Yes. Only I do hope I shall see her just once again.

(Clym has entered wrapped in a blanket)

Clym. You shall.

(Venn and Charley remain silent with astonishment)

Clym. You shall see her. There will be time enough to tell the Captain when it gets daylight. You would like to see her too - would you not Diggory? She looks very beautiful now.

(Venn and Charley take off their boots and follow Clym who takes up a lighted candle as he goes out. Olly enters and takes the notes that are now dry, rolling them up and exits as Clym, Venn and Charley return)

Clym. (with a wild smile inclining his head towards the other room) She is the second woman I have killed this year. I was a great cause of my Mother's death: and now I am the chief cause of Hers.

Olly. Poor Mr Wildeve's bank notes. They were found in his pocket when they undressed him.

Venn. Then he was not coming back again for some time?

Olly. That we shall never know now.

Charley. Please Captn Vye has sent me to enquire if anything has been heard of Miss Eustacia. Mrs Yeobright I mean.

Olly. (looks at Venn and say to him) Will you tell him please. (exit)

Venn. She's dead,drowned in Shadwater Weir and so is Mr Wildeve who tried to save her.

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Venn. I dare say you may see her. But hadn't you better run and tell Capt.Vye?

Charley. Yes, Yes. Only I do hope I shall see her just once again.

Clym. You shall.

Clym. You shall see her. There will be time enough to tell the Captain when it gets daylight. You would like to see her too - would you not Diggory? She looks very beautiful now.

(Venn and Charley remain silent with astonishment)

~~Clym~~ Clym who has entered wrapped in a blanket)

(Venn and Charley take off their boots and follow Clym who takes up a lighted candle as he does out. Olly enters and takes the notes that are now drying,putting them up and exits as Clym,Venn and Charley return)

Clym. (with a wild smile indicating his head towards the other room) She is the second woman I have killed this year. I was a great cause of my Mother's death: and now I am the chief cause of Mers.

Venn. How?

Clym. I spoke cruel words to her,and she left my house. I did not invite her back till it was too late. It is I who ought to have drownd myself. It would have been a charity to the living had the river overwhelmed me and borne her up. But I cannot die. Those who ought to have lived lie dead: and here am I alive!

Venn. But you can't charge yourself with crimes in that way. You may as well say that the parents be the cause of a murder by the child,for without the parents the child would never have been begot.

Clym. Yes,Venn, that is very true,but you don't know all the circumstances. If it had pleased God to have put an end to me it would have been a good thing for all. But I am getting used to the horror of my existance. They say that a time comes when men laugh at misery through long acquaintance with it. Surely that time will soon come to me.

Venn. But do not again talk about being the cause of both their deaths. You shouldn't say it.

Clym. Well, we'll leave that for the present. I have now only two ideas in my head - - I am going to keep a night school: and I am going to turn preacher.

Venn. Your aim has always been good; so why should you say such desperate things?

Clym. No, they are not desperate, They are only hopeless: and my great regret is that for what I have done no man or law can punish me!

C U R T A I N.

Vern. How?

Glyn. I spoke cruel words to her, and she left my house. I did not invite her back till it was too late. It is I who ought to have drowned myself. It would have been a charity to the living had the river overwhelmed me and borne her up. But I cannot die. Those who ought to have lived lie dead: and here am I alive!

Vern. But you can't charge yourself with crimes in that way. You may as well say that the parents be the cause of a murder by the child, for without the parents the child would never have been begot.

Glyn. Yes, Vern, that is very true, but you don't know all the circumstances. If it had pleased God to have put an end to me it would have been a good thing for all. But I am getting used to the horror of my existence. They say that a time comes when men laugh at misery through long acquaintance with it. Surely that time will soon come to me.

Vern. But do not again talk about being the cause of both their deaths. You shouldn't say it.

Glyn. Well, we'll leave that for the present. I have now only two ideas in my head - - I am going to keep a night school: and I am going to turn preacher.

Vern. Your aim has always been good; so why should you say such desperate things?

Glyn. No, they are not desperate. They are only hopeless: and my great regret is that for what I have done no man or law can punish me!

F I N A L T A B L E A U.

Scene. Rainbarrow.

Clym standing raised on mound in centre (back) as if on summit of barrow. With whole company grouped around him (with backs to the audience) listening to his preaching. Stage dark, limelight on Clym and heads of his audience. Clym gives out his text.

Clym. "And the king rose up to meet her, and bowed himself unto her, and sat down on his throne, and caused a seat to be set for the king's mother: and she sat on his right hand. Then she said, I desire one small petition of thee: I pray thee say me not nay. And the king said unto her, Ask on, my mother: for I will not say thee nay"

(Slight pause, 10 seconds)

C U R T A I N.

F I N A L.